



PEREMPTORY ADDRESS *TO* AN UNCLE.

*Who's afraid of winds that blow,
Hail that falleth down,
Beating rain, or driving snow?
Take us to the town.*

*There are shops where you may buy
Chocolates and candy:*

*Sweet girl-dolls that "Mamma" cry,
Dear boy-dolls so dandy.*

*Come, sir: never did you see
Sweeter band of misses.
Take us: you shall get for fee
Half a peck of kisses.*



KITTENS

DRAWN BY W. MATHERELL ENGRAVED BY L. DAVIEL

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.



Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth

By L. Cope Cornford.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. They ride to Wilton, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire have ready. Anthony Langford rides with him and meets one Mul-Sack, chief of a gang of thieves who act as spies for the Royalists. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him the next

morning. In Winchester they come on Cromwell and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. Then at Farnham they meet two brothers, one having a business in London and the other in Winchester. Each has received a letter bidding him come to see his brother, Jacobus having arranged that each shop shall be robbed while the master is away. Jacobus and Langford capture one of the twain, and leave him bound and gagged in a barn. Then they go back to the inn, and fall in with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. AND MRS. CUTPURSE.

LOTH as I was to enter the bagnio I feared to loiter in the street: and finding the privy door upon the latch, I mounted the dark stairs to the room we had but lately left. Mrs. Moll

was sitting at ease by the fire, pipe in mouth, a glass of schnapps at her elbow: and greeted me with her customary offensive complaisance.

"I am glad, indeed, to see you safe

and sound, Mr. Langford. And how have you sped, sir? And what will you drink while you tell me? Canary, Rhenish, Xeres, burnt claret, sack, Rosa-Solis—what you will?"

"Nothing, I thank you," I said, for although I was mighty dry, the remembrance of Mrs. Cutpurse's hospitality to the Bell-Man stuck in my throat.

"Well, indeed, y'are a queer cove of a young gentleman as ever I saw in the world. Ye will not drink, nor wench, nor, I dare swear, would ye dice. Pray, sir, how do you live? Nay, never look black. Take no note of an old woman's quirks, but sit ye down, and tell me, an ye will, how go matters."

In a few words I related the night's adventures so far as I knew them. Mrs. Cutpurse heard me with infinite glee.

"Mr. Armorer will 'scape the gallows yet," she cried. "Jacobus is a clever rogue. He maketh an ill enemy. I would never cross him by my will. And why? Because I am honest? No, for I am not honest—'tis a dull commodity, honesty, and one I could never find any use for. But I am afraid of him, Mr. Langford: and fear is a stout bond for square dealing."

I muttered a civil word in reply: this trifling encouragement was enough for Mrs. Cutpurse, who, being perhaps a little disguised in liquor, began a manner of talk the like of which I had never heard. A kind of poisonous magic dwelt in her tongue: so that as this brazen schoolmistress of sin with the cunning eye held discourse, life and the world as she conceived of them passed before me like scenes in a playhouse: gross, tragical, outrageous and farcical by turns: always blindly base: yet inter-twisting throughout this monstrous web of passion, avarice and misdoing, a thread of natural, human kindness and shrewd good-humour. I could see that Mrs. Moll was one of your born praters; set a piece of listening intelligence in front of her, and she asked no more: the woman was sublimely happy, and would talk until her head was clean empty. The matter of her discourse cannot be put down here: but it fascinated me, so that I did not hear the latch lift: and only a sense of someone looking at me caused me to turn my head, to catch a glimpse of a man just disappearing out of the door. Swift as

he was, I had time to recognise the burly figure and white locks of Mul-Sack.

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Cutpurse, whose back was towards the door, turning quickly as she spoke.

"'Tis nothing," I said. "I but fancied I heard the door open;" for the stealthy demeanour of the King of the Beggars aroused my suspicions.

"I heard nothing," Mary said. "What could it have been?" and rising, she went to the door, opened it, put her head into the passage, then closed it again, returned to the hearth, and stood looking keenly down at me.

"There is no one there," said she. "Perhaps your fancy plays you tricks at times, Mr. Langford?"

"Why, often," I replied, sleepily, and yawned. At this moment a distant rumble of wheels broke upon our ears, grew rapidly louder, and was presently mingled with a clatter of galloping hoofs. "The Captain at last," cried Mrs. Cutpurse, and ran down the stairs, where I could hear her unbarring the door. The sounds ceased abruptly, a hasty foot pounded on the stair, and the Captain, red with hurry, burst into the room, a bulky sack upon his shoulder.

"The Bell-Man," he cried, dumping his burden on the table. "Quick man, out with him, neck and heels. The Watch are upon us hot-foot."

Snatching a candle, I flung open the door of the inner room, while the Captain tore off the blue camlet cloak. The Bell-Man was still slugging in a dog-sleep, just as we had left him. I took his shoulders, Jacobus took his heels, and we bundled him downstairs, hove him into the cart, and flung his cloak upon him in a breathless hurry. Mrs. Moll, who had been standing at the mule's head, whipped into the house: and as the Captain dealt the beast a sounding kick which started it at a gallop, I heard the door slam and the clank of iron bars falling into their sockets.

We turned to find ourselves locked out. At the bottom of the street a clump of lanterns and glinting weapons was advancing at a round pace. There was small time for consideration: in three minutes, or less, a dozen of the Watch armed with six-foot bills would be upon us.

"Bilked, are we!" cried Jacobus, with an oath. "Round to the back!"

"Did you know that Mul-Sack was in the house," I asked him, as we ran.

"Who?" exclaimed the Captain.

"Mul-Sack. I saw him."

We gained the dark archway leading to the network of alleys that gave upon the back door of the bagnio. Peering out, we had the pleasure of beholding the whole body of Watchmen tilt past the end of the street, and heard them go clumping into the distance.

"That's serious," said Jacobus. "I can check and bridle the man, or his villanous wife. But the two together—no, I don't like it, Anthony."

"His wife?"

"Ay, Mr. and Mrs. Cutpurse, or Mr. and Mrs. Mul-Sack, which you will, and plenty of choice beside. But now to try the other door. There's a thousand pounds' worth of spoils in their clutches, and I doubt me of treasons and stratagems."

Upon trying the latch, we found it fast. A casement clinked open above our heads, and looking up, the Captain had but just time to clutch my arm and step swiftly aside, before a bucketful of scalding water descended upon the spot where we had been standing. With an oath, Jacobus drew a pistol and snapped it: and although the spark fell upon damp powder, the window shut sharply.

"We will get in, by God," whispered Jacobus, as he reprimed his weapons. "Fire at the lock with both your pistols, then charge the door."

I looked hastily to my priming; then, standing close against the door, presented my weapons. Jacobus did the same with one of his, holding the other in reserve. He gave the word: there was a flash and a shattering explosion: the door went down before our united weight; and we were inside. At the same moment a dark figure appeared upon the stair-head above. Jacobus fired on the instant, and the man tumbled forward with a scream, his pistol exploding in his hand. As we dashed up the stair, the door of Mrs. Cutpurse's room shut-to, and we heard the bolts click.

"Down with it!" cried Jacobus.

I ran at the door, which burst inwards, tripping over the fallen man in my hurry, so that I tumbled headlong into the room amid a ruin of woodwork. Jacobus trampled right over me, and I picked myself up to find him strenuously engaged with Mrs. Moll, who was wielding

a long rapier with the utmost fury and a great deal of dexterity.

"Disarm her with a cloak," cried Jacobus. Flinging my mantle across the blades, I pinioned the lady from behind, and it was all I could do to restrain her passionate struggles without maiming her. But Jacobus slipped off his belt and we tied her wrists with a garter and buckled her into a chair, where she began to vociferate curses with diabolical fluency. Victory was ours, but there was scant leisure for contemplation. The other inmates of the house would raise a hue-and-cry in another moment; already we heard a bustle and the noise of opening doors above stairs. The Captain caught up his sack from the table and ran out of the house: and seeing a stout leathern valise beside it, upon a sudden impulse I tucked it under my arm and followed. Mul-Sack lay where he had fallen, and the stairs were slippery with his blood.

"The black, arrant, filthy scoundrels!" said the Captain, as we twisted and turned through by-ways. "They would 'a robbed his Majesty of my hardly-earned gains without so much as a God-amerce. What have you there, boy?"

"I don't know—'tis cursedly heavy."

"Well, we must lug our burdens yet awhile. God send we meet not with the rascals of the Watch."

So soon as the Captain judged us out of danger of pursuit, we slackened pace to a brisk walk, setting our course to arrive at the back premises of the Globe Tavern. I told Jacobus of my adventure.

"Well, I would not tell that story too often," said he. "You might not always receive credence. Truth is a fantastical divinity. But y'are an admirable scare-fire! The street cleared in a twinkling, just as I reached the benediction. I could see Nick's face plain behind the bars of a window ten or twelve feet up, cheek by jowl with a scab of a gaoler. 'In case the prisoner hath any doubts on his sinful soul of which I may resolve him,' I cried, 'I will come within convenient earshot;' and with that drove the pulpit right under the cill. Quick as lightning Nick stretched his hands through the bars, manacled as they were, as low as he could reach: and standing a' tip-toe I gave him a naked girdle-knife. Listening, I heard certain graveyard sounds within; and forth looks



"I PINIONED THE LADY FROM BEHIND"

Nick again. 'I've killed him,' says he. 'Where are the Flanders despatches?' I asked. 'Gone to the four winds,' he answered.

"Whereupon I gave him pistols and a file and sundry articles, and left him with my blessing to work his way out of the Checquers as best he might, and drove softly away to Paul's Churchyard. I spare your feelings, my young friend. I will not tell you what I did under the shadow of Paul's. The business ('twas King's business) I carried thorough-stitch without a let, until the Watch came loitering round the corner of Paternoster Row just as the Bell-Man was filling his pulpit. There would have been no cause to alarm had not that devil of a mule refused to budge. For all I could do he stood immovable as a statua, till I drew sword and goaded him like an ox: and then he shot off like a culverin, and near tore the heart out of me with pulling. I thought we should have gone to hell without a stop: but the fiend halted himself of his own accord at Mrs. Moll's. I suppose the drouthy Bell-Man had taught him the habit. And after all, lifelekins! we were woundy near losing the whole pack. I would I had known King Mul-Sack was on the night-sneak. Well, set the scars against the booty and cry quits!" concluded Jacobus.

"And is he then Mrs. Moll's husband?" I asked.

"Ay," returned the Captain. "They were married over the broom. I was at the wedding and gave the bride away, while the Patrico joined their hands across a headless fowl, and the groomsman poured a gage of rum-booze over the bridegroom's head. And this evening

the pair would have robbed and murdered me! Save a thief from the gallows and he'll cut your throat, Anthony," quoted Jacobus, irrelevantly.

By this time we had reached the gates of the Globe stable-yard: as we had settled the score over-night, we had nothing to do but to rouse the ostler and get our nags saddled. In a few moments we found ourselves once more horsed and on the road, with the plunder gained by the night's adventures securely strapped upon the crupper. We were to proceed straightway, said the Captain, to the Earl of Rochester, who had his lodging very private near Whitehall. As we paced slowly and cautiously along back streets, I turned to reflection upon the events of that turbulent night: the remembrance of old Mul-Sack prone upon his face stuck mightily in my head: and like a sword-prick out of the dark, it flashed upon me that yet a third time I had been art and part in an outrageous robbery. And again, I could not for the life of me see how I could have done other than I did. There seemed a perverse fate in it: and I resolved to clear my mind of incipient repentance: and transferred the sin, in my accompt with Heaven, to the close-written debit of Cromwell.

Moreover, I had come to sojourn in places, and to taste of experiences, extremely foreign to the principles of my father's son. I had made acquaintance with the reverse of the coin—the other side of the image God has stamped upon the mixed metal of humanity: and observed, with some surprise, and some reservations, the stirring within me of new and catholic sympathies.

CHAPTER IX.

I BECOME KING'S MESSENGER.

IT must have been near three of the clock in the morning when we drew rein at the door of a mansion that stood midway down a narrow street giving upon the river, as I could discern by the tremulous reflections of the stars upon a moving gray bank between the black cliffs of building. Dismounting, we secured our horses to the wrought iron-work that supported the extinguisher-cap for links. The Captain knocked upon the panel, at first softly, then with more insistence. A window opened overhead, and stepping back, we per-

ceived the head and shoulders of a man in a night-cap, who was covering us with a petronel.

"Who be you?" he demanded, with a broad south-country accent, "disturbing decent folk in their beds."

"Let me in, George Penderel," said the Captain.

"There be no one of that name here," returned the other, hastily. "Who be you, I arx again before I fires."

"You have met with a Mr. William Jones, I believe, George," said the Captain. "Well, I bear a message for him.

Open, in the name of Mr. William Jones!"

I learned afterwards that this George Penderel was a Royalist trooper, one of those who were art and part at the King's escape after Worcester fight: his Majesty travelling at that juncture under the name of William Jones. The Captain's conjuration was singularly effectual. Mr. Penderel retired instantly from the window: and within a minute we heard him unbarring the door. It was presently opened; and a little, broad man with a big nose, a military cloak wrapt about his naked body, appeared on the threshold, holding a rushlight above his head.

"Give ye good-den, Captain," said he, saluting.

"I have to speak with his lordship, George," said Jacobus. "You had best announce me, while we bring in the horses."

Saluting once more, the trooper turned to obey, leaving the rushlight on the floor. By the time we had brought the horses into the square stone hall (where the noise of their trappings was enough to rouse the parish) Penderel returned, saying that the Earl would see us on the instant: and, carrying our booty with us, we followed the retainer up a broad staircase to a huge shadowy apartment hung with dark tapestry, which seemed to suck up the light of the many candles. The embers of a wood-fire flickered in the chimney, by the side whereof stood a great bed with gold-embroidered hangings; and herein lay my Lord of Rochester, his jolly, red face aglow among the white napery.

"What, Jacobus, my night-hawk, and with a King's ransom on's back, as I live by bread! Nought less shall indemnify for the breakage of my beauty-sleep, I promise ye," said the Earl, in a lazy, drawling fashion of his own.

"Y'are too curious of yourself, my Lord Wilmot," returned the Captain, depositing his burden on the table before the fire, and signing me to do the same. "But let that pass: and suffer me to present to you my very worthy copes-mate, Mr. Anthony Langford, of Langford."

The Earl shook me heartily by the hand, with a courteous rejoinder: "Y'are heartily welcome, gentlemen," quoth he. "'Tis a poor place to receive you in, I fear, but the best a landless lord and a

man proscribed may offer at this time. Draw to the fire—prithee, Jack, put on another log—there is liquor on the table. Fill your glass, Mr. Langford—I thank you, yes, if you will be so good. The King, Mr. Langford!" and the Earl and I clinked glasses.

"And now to business, my Lord," began Jacobus.

"Ay," returned Rochester, "certainly. . . But I must tell you, Captain—walking adown Giltspur Street yesternoon, I met as pretty a nymph as ever I saw in the world. She hath meeting eyebrows and a sloe-black eye—you know the kind of quean, Jack. I shall walk there to-morrow, and the day after, and every day until I meet with her again. Come with me in the morning, my bold free-booter."

"Y'are but a mad lord," answered the Captain. "Do you take me for Cheffinch?*" A pox on ye! Here is a kingdom set upon the the hazard, and you think of nought but springing a hen o' the game. Come! I have not been hunting and waiting like a dog for weary weeks, to be toying with your wanton humours. I tell you, every minute I sit here as good as turns a new thread upon my halter."

"That is because y'are so partial to blood and wounds, Jack," drawled Rochester, with unruffled composure. "Stand-and-deliver, is your notion of entertainment: mine is another-guess theory. Body-o'-me! a man must do something to disperse the vapours in this hag-rid city, he would die of sheer psalmody else. Why, the place reeks of Nonconformity: it drones like a vast conventicle. Well, to business then, curse ye. What news from the West?"

Whereupon the Captain put him briefly into possession of affairs, telling him, however, no more of our adventures than he was necessitated. Meanwhile, I had leisure to observe his lordship, who was a full-faced, handsome man, with the look of a born amorist. He it was (so I have heard), who, during his flight with the King after Worcester, would never put on any habit of disguise, saying "he should look so frightfully in it."

"And what hast got in the bag there?" enquired the Earl, when the tale was ended. "Ye may rest easy," he added, as the Captain rose, and going to the door, shot the bolt: "the house is

* A creature of the King's.

empty, save for George the faithful." So Jacobus unloosed the sack, and displayed upon the table a treasure of gold and silver plate, and jewelled gew-gaws, enough to ransom a city.

"Sblood!" quoth the Earl, sitting up in bed. "And where did that pretty treasure come from?"

The Captain maintained a discreet silence: and, having turned the sack bottom up, he began to unstrap my valise. I looked on with a keen curiosity, but saying nothing. Throwing back the lid, Jacobus took out, one by one, ten full-stuffed leather bags, and set them heavily down a-row: the figures £100 were branded upon each: and, untying one, he took out a handful of his yellow namesakes. "A thousand pound in coin of the realm," said he. So we had not only ransacked Brother Emanuel's shop in Paul's, but plundered the coffers of the Commonwealth and stripped Mrs. Moll of her profits, at a blow.

"Odso! and where from, once more?" asked the delighted Rochester.

"Well, my lord, the history, in brief, is as follows," answered Jacobus, sitting down and filling his glass. "I happened to have a small matter of family plate to sell—the gear, in fact, you see before you. 'Tis the old story: what



"THE DOOR WAS OPENED"

cavalier but has flung his plate-chest, spoons and tankards, into the deeps of Neptune after the rest of his goods, for the love of his Gracious Majesty? But no more of that. Therefore, I say, I sought out a gripe of my acquaintance and bade him give me the price in gold. This he agreed to do: but as it came about, the villain sought to play booty—and failed. Whereupon I took a hand—and succeeded.”

Jacobus lay back in his chair, pressing the tips of his stretched fingers lightly together, and gravely regarded the Earl. Their eyes met. Both men smiled.

“I make you my compliments, Jack,” said Rochester. “Y’are as arrant a thief and as bold a liar as any in the three kingdoms. ‘Oons, but we will dine to-morrow, Jack. I know an ordinary——”

“So do I, my lord,” interrupted the Captain. “And the night the King dines in Whitehall you and I will drink drunk hand to fist, an his Majesty invite us not, and unless my head be garnishing Temple Bar.”

“Y’are perfectly right, Jack,” answered Rochester, no jot abashed. “Shall I give you full acquittal for value received, on behalf of my Lord Treasurer, who is at this time taking the air of the Low Countries for the good of his health?”

“So please you, before we part,” returned Jacobus, gravely. “And now, who is to carry mails to the King, my lord? The matter is urgent.”

“Whomsoever you please, Captain,” replied the easy Earl.

“Mr. Langford, will you?” said Jacobus. So it was settled; and I doubt not that the Captain had this errand in his eye for me from the first.

“The *Silver Spray* sails from New Key to Flushing with the morning tide,” said Rochester. “The master, Captain Powel Revel, who is a trusty rascal, was with me yesterday.”

“That will do excellent well,” said the Captain. Thereupon the Earl, bidding us to excuse him, rose and dressed himself, and sat down with Jacobus to write despatches to the King. By the time they had finished, the sun was shooting golden shafts through the crevices of the shutters: and we descended to a room beneath, where was spread an ample collation flanked with toasts and tankards; of which the Earl partook full as heartily as we. Then I was given an hundred broad pieces for my peculiar

expenses, and entrusted with two hundred for the King, and the mail, which was enclosed in silk and sealed. My instructions were, upon landing at Flushing to repair at once to the sign of the City of Rouen, where I should find Sir John Mennes and Mr. John Nicholas, who would introduce me to his Majesty: when I was to answer any questions the King might be pleased to ask me: to receive his instructions, particularly as to the date of the Penruddock rising: and to return without delay to the port of Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire, where I should meet Captain Jacobus at a place appointed. Taking leave of the buxom Earl, upon whose shoulders, methought, the cares of state sat extraordinary lightly, I set out on foot, carrying Mrs. Cutpurse’s valise and accompanied by the Captain.

The streets sparkled in the sunshine, and a brisk wind ruffled the awnings over the shops, where the noisy ‘prentices were busied setting forth their wares. After purchasing a few clothes and necessities—for I had ridden all this time with no more than I stood in—we proceeded by devious ways to the New Key hard by London Bridge. The river bubbled and swirled under the arches, reaching away like a magical arm into enticing distance, between clumps of shipping whose tall masts and webs of rigging rose above the houses. Wherries manned by watermen in gay-coloured jerkins plied swiftly to and fro across the shining stream, and my heart rose blithely to the adventure. The *Silver Spray*, a bluff-bowed, two-masted craft, was moored against the wharf: the most of her crew were climbing and clinging aloft, engaged upon some business which appeared to me extremely perilous, to which they were directed by a small, stout man with a fringe of black whisker encircling a face like a walnut, who stood shouting on deck. We went aboard at once: and Jacobus, going up to the officer, whispered a word or two in his ear, whereupon he led us down into a tiny cabin. Jacobus made me known to Captain Powel Revel, and a bargain for shipping me as passenger to Flushing was speedily struck. Captain Revel was in his Majesty’s pay: and although his ship passed for a merchant bottom he did little but carry the King’s servants to and from the Low Countries; a traffic which the Parliament winked

at, Thurloe trusting wholly to his secret service for discovery of treason. The business over, Captain Revel warned Jacobus that he must set sail forthwith to save the tide: and we all three went upon deck.

"Give you good-den, Anthony," said Captain Jacobus, grasping my hand. "We meet again at Lyme." He turned away, leaped ashore, and with a wave of his hand vanished into the press. The moorings were cast off, the ship swung into the current and began to travel, the

ship fairly under way ere there arose a shouting and a bustling on the wharf: and a skiff manned by a couple of watermen, and carrying two passengers, a man and a woman, put off after us in a mighty hurry. Captain Revel thereupon lay-to, and the skiff drawing rapidly alongside, the strangers were haled aboard. Both were masked and muffled in cloaks. The man, stepping forward, caught the wrathful Captain by the arm and spoke privily to him. It was none of my business, and I walked forward to



"MY VERY WORTHY COPESMATE"

water rippling under her fore-foot. I leaned upon the bulwarks, looking after Jacobus, oppressed with a sudden sense of loss. Labour and peril shared forge stronger ties than those of kindred, and although I had known the Captain for less than a week I was parting from a friend: a friend, moreover, whose life was forfeit on a hundred counts: for whom a very trifling misadventure meant the rope and the triple tree: so that the chance of seeing him once more appeared pitifully slender.

But my dolorous meditations were speedily interrupted. Scarce was the

be out of earshot: and presently the three disappeared below. When the Captain returned alone upon deck, he vouchsafed me no explanation: nor, although I was curious in the matter, did I question him, reflecting that I was certain to meet the unknown at the next repast. But when dinner-time came the Captain, his mate, and myself were the only persons assembled in the poop cabin. Scarce a word was uttered during the collation: indeed, Captain Revel was one of the silentest men I have ever known. He manifested a positive distaste for conversation. There was a

tincture of barbarism, too, in the tarpaulin way of living and being. More than once I observed the Captain to clean his knife upon the hair of his mate, who sat beside him: an outrage of which the man took no sort of notice, while it put me in a fever lest the Captain, in a moment of forgetfulness, should raise his whittle upon his passenger. I was glad to find myself once more upon deck, where I took great delight in the quiet, sinuous motion of the ship and the continual alluring change of the landscape on either strand. A shipman's life was a brave business indeed, methought. Soon the sun and the wind and the talking water wrought a drowsiness upon me: I recollected that I had a night's rest to make up: and settling myself against a coil of rope, fell speedily dead asleep.

Before I awoke I was aware of an horrible queasy sensation in my inner parts: and opened my eyes upon a darkening steel-blue sky, pricked here and there with a star. The ship was heaving and rolling under me, and a cold wind searched my very marrow. Sitting up with a deadly shudder, my eyes encountered the fierce gaze of a little gentleman reclining miserably against the bulwarks a few feet from me. His face, in spite of its green pallor, I seemed to recollect, as in a dream: and when he spoke it came back to me.

"Ay, Master Scarefire, would you follow me?" he said, in weak, angry accents. "So soon as we land, I challenge you to fight me, sir."

I would have laughed, were I not far past mirth: for here was my eloping gallant from Giltspur Street again.

"Put an end to me now," I said. "Run me through and I will thank you."

My gentleman groaned and swore. "I cannot lift a hand," he said, and turned over on his face.

Thereafter followed a night of horror: and it was not until noon next day that we began to get the better of our disorder. By that time we had come in sight of land: a long ridge of yellow sand-bank, beyond a plain of dancing sea shot with flying colours and dashed with foam, against a sky of pearl. We had both eaten something, and drunk a tass of aqua vitæ, and had come again upon deck. It seemed a senseless thing to quarrel: and at the risk of a serious tumble, I crossed to where my angry

gallant leaned sulking over the weather taffrail, and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Come," I said. "I am sorry I struck you t'other night. Are you for Cæsar? I can see that you are. Well, I was employed on King's business, although I own it did not look like it. Will you shake hands?"

The boy looked at me a moment, then held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "I accept your apology. We will say no more."

"And how is the young lady?" I enquired. "I trust she is not greatly indisposed."

"But she is, she is," he said very ruefully. "I do not know what I shall do with her."

I consoled the disconsolate lover so well as I might. "And when are you to be married?" I asked, hoping to distract his thoughts from anxiety.

"'Tis scarce your business, is it? But doubtless you mean kindly," said the boy, with his chin in his hands. "Perhaps we shall not marry. Think of the risk."

"You should have thought on it before," I said, coldly.

He looked at me sidelong. "After all, you know," he said lazily, "what is the ceremony? A form of words, and a guinea for the parson. I have often thought its quality over-rated."

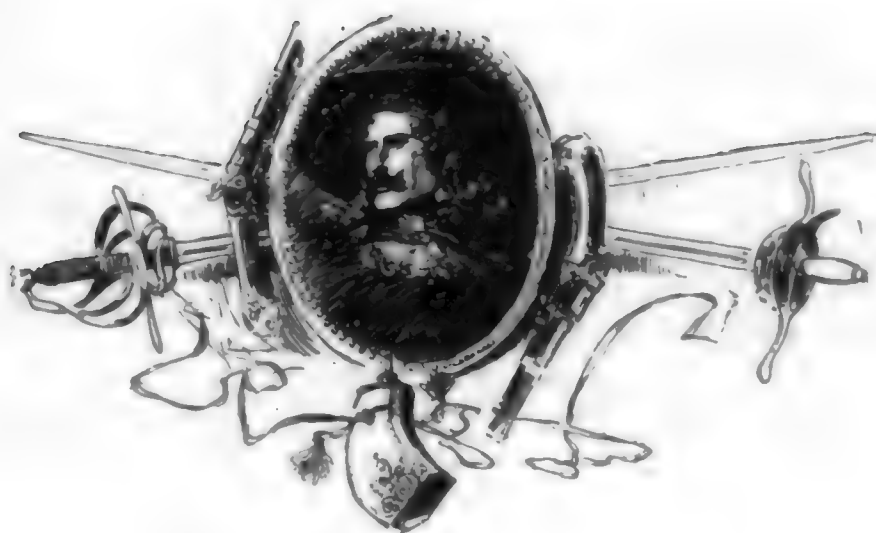
I was shocked at such sentiments from the mouth of a pretty, smooth-faced boy, and took occasion to read him an homily upon the subject. I talked for a good while, having nothing else to do: but before I had said all that was in my mind, my companion glanced round, and I saw a new expression flit into his face.

"It may relieve your benevolent, but pragmatistical conscience, dear sir, to know that we were fast married in Saint Sepulchre's Church yesternorn," said he. "Let me present you to my wife."

I swallowed my discomfiture, and turned to behold—"the wench with the meeting eyebrows and the sloe-black eyes!" The Earl's words ran through my head as a mighty pretty figure of a maiden came balancing delicately towards us. She greeted me very kindly, and we grew mighty friendly. They told me much of their story: how that the bridegroom, Mr. Richard Humphreyville by name, was a Cavalier gentleman and

a Roman Catholic, to whom the bride's puritan parents had refused consent of marriage: and how they determined to cheat the devil, and to seek their fortune at the Court in exile at Cologne, whither they were immediately bound. In return (with the unthinking confidence of youth) I related something of my own misfortunes, my quarrel with Manning, and the subsequent confiscation of my estates. My introduction to the pair had been something of the strangest: but

when we drew into Flushing Harbour, we parted on the kindest terms imaginable. Should he discover an opportunity of advancing my fortunes at the Court, said the gentleman who the day before had sought my blood, he would do all a man might to serve me. Darkly he hinted at the great personages with whom he had influential relations: and with the most cordial salutations this pleasing and singular couple went their ways, and I saw them no more.



Actors on Their Parts.

HAVING cross-examined authors and artists as to their favourites among their own works, *The Ludgate* turned to actors and actresses and asked them which of the parts they had played they found most

of course?—'I have many. But Hamlet is my chief favourite. What a play that is! I almost think that when Wolfe said he would rather have written Gray's *Elegy* than taken Quebec, he must have meant *Hamlet*. A spell falls upon you

Dear Mr. Linn

I will not waste
up your valuable time
by giving you my opinion
on the many parts I
have played but confine
myself to the one
important question "which
part I like the best?"
Why "Hamlet's Aunt" of
course, she's a darling
Yours truly
W. S. P. R. C.

to their taste, and which of the parts in dramatic literature they had not yet fulfilled they would like to be cast for. You have in facsimile replies from Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. John Hare, Mr. George Alexander and Madame de Navarro. The extreme discretion of Mr. Tree may be tempered by a quotation from a recent *Black and White* interview: "'You have a favourite part,

as soon as you hear the sentry's voice sounding weirdly through the night on the battlements of Elsinore—a spell that is not lost until the curtain finally falls upon the dying Hamlet.'" Other answers follow.

As to the refusals to reply, Mrs. John Wood found it impossible to infringe, for *The Ludgate's* sake, what has been a rule of her professional career. Mr. Arthur

Roberts is, fortunately, able to write that "he has played in so many parts with equal success that at the moment he cannot say with any certainty as to

I have created and been successful in, for instance, 'Mrs. Hoston' in *Dr. Bill*; 'Mirah Fitzgerald' in *Harvest*; 'Mrs. Bompas' in *The Times*; 'Petsella' in

Monday I have read
 Dixons Hill
 H. W.

Dear Sir
 Thanks for your
 letter. I am just
 finishing a book which
 will contain the names
 of things you wish to
 publish you will have
 the pleasure of my
 seeing in declining
 your proposition
 Yours very truly
 Marshall Parnes

which part (if any) he has any preference for. The bad parts are best forgotten."

Miss Fanny Brough writes: "In reply to your request, I have no favourite part, because I hope I like all those that

Woman and the Law; 'Mrs. Othello' in *Mrs. Dexter*; 'Mrs. Ben Dixon' in *The Prude's Progress*; and last—but by no means least—my present rôle 'Lady Hilyard' in *Cheer, Boys, Cheer!* Apropos

of your last query—I would have liked to play 'Beatrice,' 'Viola,' 'Rosalind' and 'Lady Teazle,' but know, that whatever talents I may have had, I lacked the essential appearance so obviously necessary for a *really* successful representation of these beautiful creations."

Mr. Cyril Maude and his wife, Miss

your questions. No. 1: Which part do I prefer of all I have played? 'Mrs. Fraser' in *The Benefit of the Doubt*, far away beyond all others. Next in preference 'Cynthia Greenslade' in Henry Arthur Jones's play *The Crusaders*. No. 2: What part in dramatic literature would I like to play? Not

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

4 Jan. 1896.

Dear Mr. Maude,

You put me in
a difficult position -
I have a feeling
that my various
parts are jealous of
any publicly expressed
preference, and when
you ask me what
my favourite part is,
I feel constrained to
answer in the words
of the undergraduate:

Winifred Emery, are both among the artists who reply, and one cannot but think that the latter of the twain has over-estimated the importance of the critics. At any rate, they are sufficiently punished if what she says as to her ambitions is to be everlastingly true: "I have much pleasure in answering

any part. I have no ambition whatever—the newspaper critics have killed it."

Here is Mr. Cyril Maude's reply: "Mr. Cyril Maude presents his compliments to the Editor of *The Ludgate* and begs to say that his favourite part (out of those he has played) is, perhaps, 'Sir

Peter Teazle.' As regards the future he would like (if he could) to play a succession of good character parts by Mr. Pinero."

Miss Geneviève Ward writes: "'Stephanie de Mohrivart' in *Forget-Me-Not* was my favourite part—with which I must bracket 'Lady Macbeth' and

Mr. Arthur Bouchier says: "It is almost impossible to make up my mind which is my favourite part, but one of them is certainly 'Mercutio.' You ask me why? I always prefer a cap that fits comfortably. When my friends say that it suits me, I like it ten times more."

When questioned as to who were the 'minor prophets'— 'I don't like making invidious distinctions.'— And in that sense my favourite part is discretion, which a foolish proverb declares to be the better part of valour.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
Act. Newb. Tea

'Queen Katherine'—they are the ones I should still prefer to play."

Miss Lena Ashwell writes: "I think, though I only played it for one night, 'Frou Frou' is my favourite part; but 'Rosamund' in *Sowing the Wind* gave me the greatest opportunity I have ever enjoyed."

Another of the younger actor-managers, Mr. Frederick Kerr, says: "In reply to your letter, 'Stringsby' in *The Dancing Girl* is the most grateful part I ever played. With regard to the second question it would be easier to give a list of the parts I should not like to play!"

Finally, let Mr. James Doel speak. Tis to be supposed that he is the oldest actor alive, for he was born in 1803, and made his first appearance at a little to be expected that he should be, despite the everlasting youthfulness which keeps him alive and hearty, in some degree a *laudator temporis acti*.

**57, PONT STREET,
S.W.**

Dublin,

I love best the part
I am playing at
this moment - "The
Prisoner of Zenda."
Of the parts I hope to
play Hamlet is
my favorite.
Yours Truly
George Alexander.

The Editor of the Ludgate Mercury

private theatre in Plymouth six-and-seventy years ago. He remembers Kean, Vestris, Charles Mathews, Phelps, Macready, Liston, Maria Foote and all the older actors. It is, therefore, only

He prefers "all the good old comedies where there was food for the mind as well as pleasure, and all the good old farces." Naturally, also, he swears by Shakespeare.





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE MISSING HAMLET.

"I AM tired of my life!"

"Don't be a fool. What signifies a single hostile criticism?"

"A single criticism! A hundred criticisms! I tell you that man Wilfred Haughton persecutes me. If I ignore his suggestions, I am incorrigible; if I follow his advice, I am only imitative—a fairly good mimic, but an actor never. I said I was tired of my life; so I am. If he carries the thing much further, I may become tired of his life."

"I think, if I were you, I would do any talking of that sort in a less public place than the dining-room of the Kit-Kat. That Russian over there at the table by the window must have heard every word you said. Of course, such wild nonsense is merely ridiculous, but it might get you into trouble. Don't scowl at me. Last night, in the billiard-room, several men said Haughton ought to apply for police protection. They were, of course, laughing at your threats, of which they told me you had been extremely liberal. Disgusting!"

The two speakers were seated at a supper-table in the Kit-Kat Club, a little after midnight. The man who grumbled was young, good-looking, fashionably dressed, and in unaffected despair. The other, who remonstrated, was elderly, and of large circumference. He ate his supper with very good appetite, and appeared to be respectable in the sense wherein the word was used before it was sneered to death by the degenerates.

"It is not pleasant," the elder man resumed, "to hear a fellow like you—

perfectly sensible in many respects—talk like a fool; it vexes me. Do me a favour. Don't worry yourself into hysterics. Go straight home when you leave the club, and let the critic go—elsewhere."

"I'll take your advice," the younger man said, rising from his chair. "I will go straight home."

He kept his promise; but, unhappily, he did the journey by instalments. They parted on the steps of the Club, and the elder man turned back to write a letter. It read thus:—

"DEAR HAUGHTON,—

"As a friend of yourself and young Coulson, might I ask you to modify the extreme rigour of your critiques on the contemporary representative of the Prince of Denmark. The truth is, a lady's name is freely mentioned in this matter, and gossip stoutly maintains that the new Ophelia is the cause of your sudden change of opinion regarding Coulson's ability. This is surely undesirable. Meet me here to-morrow at twelve. I want to talk to you for a minute or two.—Yours faithfully,

THOMAS GASTEEN."

Having written his letter, Mr. Gasteen handed it to a waiter, and went to bed with a good conscience, and a digestion which had never once failed in its arduous labours.

Henry Coulson, a young and rising actor, walked some distance irresolutely after he left the Club. His state of mind was not compatible with domestic regularity—even the plastic regularity of

bachelor's quarters. He had been furiously rated in the *Fleet* for his conception of Hamlet. It is true he had been many times praised by the same organ for his successful presentation of less exacting rôles. The praise he had

leader-writer, had meantime dropped into the Kit-Kat, and found Gasteen's letter. It annoyed him extremely, the reference to the lady being, he considered, pointedly impertinent. He had written simply what he conceived to be



"TAKE ONE OF THOSE"

accepted lightly, as a tribute to his manifest ability. But the dispraise wounded him, as it was necessarily owing to the spleen of the critic who condemned him. He made several calls on his way home, in the hope of mitigating his unhappiness.

Wilfred Haughton, dramatic critic and

his duty to his paper. This miserable gossip was intolerable. Count Tzerkof, the Russian, was still sitting at the window. Haughton knew him very well, and took a seat at his table.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor critic, Count," Haughton said lugubriously.

"A poor critic, Mr. Haughton? Surely not a poor critic!"

"Then say a miserable critic, who is heartily sick of the complaints of people whose fortunes he has helped to make. When I praise, I am a Daniel come to judgment; when I hint at a fault, I am the Prince of Darkness."

"How easy, then, for you to stand well with them when their gratitude and enmity alike depend upon yourself," the Russian said, with a smile.

"Their gratitude and enmity are very much alike in one respect—they are both more or less sham."

Count Tzerkof ordered a fresh bottle of a special vintage, and said: "Try this wine. A glass of it will make you my debtor, and half a bottle my friend."

When Haughton had given his opinion on the wine, the Russian leant forward, and said in a low voice: "Those articles of yours on the Nihilists were highly thought of at our Embassy, and have been sent to the Czar himself. They will do much to show the British people what a pestilent crew we in Russia have to rule." This was flattering news to the leader-writer. Under its influence and that of the Count's excellent wine, he soon felt at peace with all men, including Henry Coulson. By the time the half-bottle he had been promised was finished, Haughton and Count Tzerkof had arranged for a fresh series of articles to appear in a London daily. These were to carry further Haughton's previous exposure of the frauds and crimes of Nihilism. The material was to be supplied by the Count himself.

As Haughton was leaving, the Count handed him his cigar-case, saying: "Take one of those. They are my favourites."

"If they are as good as your wine I shall not complain." Haughton selected a cigar, lit it, bade the Count good-night, saying: "I'll see you to-morrow."

"Perhaps," the Count answered.

• • •

"Better have a candle, sir," the night porter said to Coulson, who reached the building in which he had a flat very late that night, or early in the next morning. "Something went wrong with the electric light an hour ago, and we are in darkness." Coulson took the candle and went upstairs. As he turned into the corridor which led to his rooms, a draught

from an open window blew out the light. The familiar door was easily found, however, and the actor entered his room, which was in darkness save for a faint glimmer from the fire. Mechanically he tried the electric switch; but the fuse was blown, as in all the other rooms. He groped his way cautiously to a sofa, and lay down. He was tired out, and although he only meant to rest a few moments, he fell fast asleep, and did not awake for two hours. He was very cold when he awoke, and so endeavoured to restore the fire, which had almost burnt out. He succeeded in coaxing up a little flickering flame; and when he found the fire was likely to improve, he went to his favourite arm-chair, and sat down, but not on the chair. Something else was sitting on it. For a second Coulson's heart stopped beating. He put up his left hand and clutched at the thing he felt hanging over his right shoulder. It was a man's face.

Henry Coulson sprang to his feet. As he did so, the figure which he had disturbed in the chair sank slowly off it, and fell with a thud on the floor, where it lay in a heap, partly visible in the glimmer of the firelight. With desperate haste Coulson ran his hands through his pockets, searching for his matchbox. When he found it, his hands were trembling so much that he opened the lid with a jerk which spilled most of the contents on the floor. After that he struck several matches so violently that the heads were knocked off without igniting the stems. At last he got one to burn, and then he went over to the heap on the hearthrug. The man was lying face downward. Coulson turned him over and looked at his face. It was Wilfred Haughton. He must have been dead some time, for the body was cold.

For some minutes Coulson could neither think nor speak, much less act. He stood staring at the body and striking match after match, quite forgetful of his candle, till the last was burnt out. Then he was alone in the darkness with his enemy; but his enemy was dead.

The full horror of his situation came speedily upon Coulson. From Haughton's lips a strong smell could be detected. The actor was well read, and had been a medical student for a couple of terms, by way of pastime. His slight knowledge was not enough to enable him to diagnose the case, but it was

more than sufficient to point to poison as the cause of death. He now thought rapidly. Gasteen's warning flashed upon him. He had been heard threatening Haughton; the body would be found in his rooms; it had been there at least two

believe his story, help him, hide him; sail him round the world, if necessary, and land him in some heathenish country where no extradition warrant could reach him. To leave England by any ordinary route would only mean his arrest as soon

as the vessel in which he sailed reached its destination.

Henry Coulson dragged the dead body into his bedroom, and laid it on the bed. He composed the limbs decently, and covered the face with a cloak. Then he threw a few necessary articles of clothing into a bag, and, having left a note on the table of his sitting-room saying that he was hastily called away for a couple of days, and that his rooms must on no account be disturbed in his absence, he stole down the main staircase, and let himself out into the street.

The sixty-ton cutter yacht *Vanduaara* lay becalmed in the English Channel. Her owner, Charles Despard, fretted, whistled for wind, and swore, with great deliberation and emphasis. Coulson had come on board the previous morning and told his story. When it was finished, Despard said, shortly:

"You have made a terrible mess of it by bolting. You must get back at once."

"Get back! If you won't save me—that is, if you are afraid to save me—I'll drop overboard. Better that than——" he paused abruptly.

Despard thought the story over calmly and carefully, and came to the conclusion that he must stand by his friend in peril, however foolishly that friend had acted.

"Very well," he said suddenly; "if you take the risk I cannot do less." He went to the head of the companion, and bawled out:



"HE PUT UP HIS HAND AND CLUTCHED AT THE THING"

hours; it could not possibly be got rid of. He could form no plan for its disposal, and so acted by blind, unforeseeing instinct—that of immediate escape.

A train left Charing Cross at 5.30 a.m. for Sandmouth. By eight in the morning he could be on Charlie Despard's yacht, which was lying in the harbour. He knew it was there, because the previous morning he had received a telegram asking him to run down on the following Sunday. Despard would

"Forward there! Up anchor and get sail on boat at once."

When they were some miles from Sandmouth the wind fell, and the yacht drifted with the tide all night. At noon on the second morning out there was still not the faintest breath of a breeze; not a ripple on the sea. The great sails flapped lazily as the yacht rose and fell over a smooth-surfaced swell, which at long intervals moved inward from the open. Coulson tramped the deck feverishly. His mental anguish was great.

A good supply of stores were on board, and the yacht was really provisioned for a long cruise. This was good, and at last the wind came, which was better, although it was a head wind. But there also came a tug-boat steaming unmistakably for the *Vandua*, and this was very bad—the worst possible.

The tug was happily four miles astern, and as the yacht's great wings were quickly set to catch the breeze, she was travelling fast, racing into the wind, before the four miles had been reduced to three.

"What is that astern?" Despard asked his skipper carelessly, pointing to the tremendous smoke cloud which the tug was sending up.

"Old Sandmouth Harbour tug, sir, *Sampson*," the skipper answered, looking through his glasses. "Regular tub. They can't get more than seven knots out of her."

"What are we making now? Six?"

"Hardly that, sir. Better'n five. Y'see we're close hauled, and that ain't our best point of sailing, as you know, sir."

"If we let her go off anything we'll not weather the head on this tack?"

"I would go about, sir, and stand off a bit. The *Sampson* will go straight for the point, and wait for us there. That is, if you think they're after us—no offence, sir."

"Not at all," Despard said quietly. "I think they are after us, and they shall continue after us."

"I'm your man, sir," said the skipper, swallowing his quid in his enthusiasm.

The *Vandua* stood well out to sea before she went about. Then her head was laid to windward of the point where the tug was waiting as the skipper had foreseen. The breeze was freshening fast. Once past the point they could

ease off the sheets and let her travel. It would then require something liker a torpedo-catcher than the *Sampson* to overhaul them.

"Hand up the balloon-jib there, forward! Lively now! We'll get it on her once we are clear."

The balloon jib was got on deck, but kept out of sight of those on board the tug, and the yacht with increasing speed swept toward the headland, for the wind was still rising. As the *Vandua* neared the rocky point over which the waves were boiling the tug ran from under the lee of the head, and stood across her bows.

Despard made a motion with his hand. The *Vandua* stood up closer into the wind. On that the tug went ahead a turn or two, with the object of forcing the yacht right into the wind's eye. This was what Despard wanted. The crafts neared each other rapidly.

"Heave to in the Queen's name!" The hail came from the tug.

"Ay! ay! What do you want?" This to gain time. The yacht was still forging ahead. The dangerous point was now weathered.

"We want Henry Coulson on a charge of murder."

"Keep her away." Despard ordered

"Ay! ay! sir. Away it is."

"Ease off the sheets there forward. Ease off the main sheet. Handsomely now."

As the yacht's head paid off quickly the master of the tug saw that he had been out-manœuvred. He went full speed astern, but before he could get way on his boat the *Vandua* shot between the *Sampson* and the breakers, and dashed for the open sea under every stitch of canvas the spars would stand.

"Lie down every man!" Despard shouted, taking the helm himself. A couple of rifle bullets sung harmlessly through the rigging. The owner kept the helm until the yacht was out of range. Then the *Sampson* steamed back to port, seeing that pursuit was hopeless.

While this race was being prepared for, and run in the English Channel, London was deeply stirred. The commotion began in the Imperial, on the first evening of Henry Coulson's flight. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, a fact partly owing to the excellence of the performance, but largely contributed by the persistent dispraise of

the leading actor in a section of the Press. Certain paragraphs in the society papers bracketing the names of the leading actor, the leading actress, and a well-known dramatic critic, were also useful in swelling the receipts, and, in consequence, the hilarity of the managerial heart. Several members of the Russian Embassy, including Count Tzerkof were present. Mr. Thomas Gasteen and Miss Mary Hamilton were in the stage box. Mary's sister Ethel was playing Ophelia. She had gone on the stage a year after her father's death, and was fast making a name.

There was a long wait. The overture was partially played a second time. Signs of impatience were emphatically shown by the gods. The pit chimed in timorously. At last, amid some uproar, the manager appeared before the curtain and, when order was temporarily restored, he tried to make the best of a bad situation. *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark could hardly be presented as a stage play. Mr. Henry Coulson was indisposed, and his understudy had that morning met with an accident in the street. Money would be returned at the doors, and the house would be open as usual next evening.

The gods and pitmen hissed energetically, broke up some of the furniture to mark their sense of the unfitness of the occasion, and withdrew riotously, but without forgetting to obtain their money at the doors.

Outside, newsboys were crying extra special editions of the evening paper.

"Horrible murder of a dramatic critic. Flight of the alleged murderer." These lines were on all the bills in large type.

Gasteen hurried Mary Hamilton round to the stage door, obtained admission readily, and found her sister Ethel, still dressed as Ophelia, holding the evening paper before her in dismay.

"Oh, Mr. Gasteen, and Mary, I am so thankful you have come! Something must be done at once. There can be no doubt as to who the 'alleged murderer' is. But he's no murderer. He's an honourable gentleman, I know that. You will help me, Mr. Gasteen. Telegraph to Colonel Hedford of Salchester. He is very clever and very kind. It is only an hour's journey by rail. He will come if you telegraph in my name."

"I have no doubt," Mr. Gasteen said, so emphatically that Ophelia was rather

embarrassed. She directed the old gentleman to the nearest telegraph office and hurried him out.

Mr. Gasteen, notwithstanding his great circumference, got through a good deal of physical exercise that evening. The first result of which was that Surgeon-Colonel Hedford met the doctor sent from Scotland Yard at Henry Coulson's rooms the same night. The police surgeon was pleased to act with so distinguished a specialist and soon put Hedford in possession of the rather meagre facts which the case so far presented. Nothing had been disturbed from the time that Coulson's bedroom had been broken into by the proprietor of the chambers on receipt of a telegram from the theatre.

Hedford knelt over the body and said immediately, "Prussic acid."

Campbell, the police doctor, nodded, on which Hedford, who was making rapid progress in the detective part of his duties, began a careful examination of the bedroom. In this the police had anticipated him.

"Needn't trouble," Campbell said. "That has been done already."

"Then I'll try the other room."

"Our men have not left much," Campbell added when Hedford crawled from under the table, where he had been sprawling on all fours.

"Not very much," Hedford said aloud, "but something is better than nothing," he said to himself as he picked up that something from under one of the claw feet of the table and put it in his pocket. "What has been done so far?"

"Warrant for Coulson's arrest. He has been traced. Probably taken by this time. Post mortem at ten to-night. Care to assist?"

"No, thanks. The post mortem can only prove that death has been caused by prussic acid. Oh! Here's Trowbrigg!"

The two left the house together, and three days later Henry Coulson surrendered himself. He changed his mind when the sea breezes had braced his mental and physical condition—both suffering from over-work—into better health. His unfortunate flight had produced its natural result. His case was prejudged. The public unanimously believed him guilty, but pitied both himself and his victim. For Ethel Hamilton there was no mercy in contemporary

comment. Two men had quarrelled about her and one had killed the other. It was all the fault of the woman—who, indeed, had shown no special regard for either. This convenient theory simplifies many complex issues, and is serviceable in helping the weakest to the wall.

At the police-court examination which followed the inquest, Dr. Campbell proved that Wilfred Haughton had been poisoned by prussic acid. He detailed the usual symptoms in the usual way—skin dusky red in hue, deepening to dark purple; *dura mater* and sinuses much congested, also lungs and brain; had used the sulphur test, &c. The waiter in the Kit-Kat who had served Haughton on the night of his death proved that he left the Club apparently in his usual health.

Count Tzerkof, who had been summoned, corroborated. The night porter at Abercorn Mansions, who let the dramatic critic in, deposed that he seemed in good health and in excellent spirits. He told the porter that he would wait until Mr. Coulson came in, and went upstairs. He was smoking a cigar. The rest of the evidence was immaterial.

Henry Coulson was returned for trial, and Surgeon-Colonel Hedford took up his case in earnest, partly under the impression that the prisoner was not really guilty, and partly owing to Ethel Hamilton's supplications. The girl had acted with Coulson for some months, and found him to be really what she had already said—an honourable gentleman. She implored the specialist to put forth his best efforts, and closed an impassioned appeal very abruptly by saying breathlessly:

"But, you know, it isn't because I care for him in that way, but because I believe him to be innocent."

Hedford was relieved to hear that she did not care for the prisoner in "that

way," but did not inquire into the meaning of the phrase.

Two weeks passed without result. The specialist had interrogated the waiter at the Kit-Kat closely, but merely discovered that Coulson and Haughton had been on bad terms, which he knew already. The Russian



"OPHELIA, HOLDING THE EVENING PAPER"

Count and the critic had always been very friendly.

"The Count stood 'im, the very night of 'is death, a bottle of rare old wine, sir. It cost him a guinea. Nothin' could be more friendly."

"Did the Count stand cigars?"

"No, sir; at least, he did not buy any.

But 'is case is always full; he gives 'em away by the dozen. A perfect gentleman is what 'e is, sir. Gave me 'alf a sovereign—much obliged, sir. Didn't expect it. Sorry I could not tell you more."

On the Monday evening of the third week, Trowbrigg hurriedly entered Colonel Hedford's room in the small hotel at which he put up.

"The Count's going to-night. Has obtained leave on plea of urgent family affairs. Boat-train, 8 p.m."

"Very well," Hedford said; "we go by the boat-train, 8 p.m. There is no time to lose."

They arrived at the railway station just as the boat-train was on the moment of starting. Trowbrigg jumped into an empty second-class compartment, but Hedford leisurely walked down the platform, accompanied by two porters with his luggage. They had been paid in advance, and were promised more under one condition.

"Here you are, sir," said one of the porters, hastily unlocking the door of the only first-class compartment which was marked "engaged." Its occupant protested loudly, in a slightly foreign accent; but Hedford was in, the door re-locked, and the train in motion before the attention of the guard could be called.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford tendered a courteous apology for an intrusion which he admitted was unwarrantable, but which he hoped the necessary haste attending his movements—the train being almost in motion at the time—would excuse. Count Tzerkof received the apology coldly but later thawed somewhat, and eventually the two men were conversing with an appearance of mutual interest. The Russian spoke English with idiomatic correctness. He had travelled much and observed much. His conversation was both educated and refined. Hedford's experience of the world had also been large and his knowledge of life was profound. The talk between the two became at times so interesting that Hedford forgot that he had serious business on hand. The express dashed on.

"As to Nihilism," Count Tzerkof said, in answer to an interpolated remark of Hedford's, "what can you British know about it? In my country there is no real liberty. There is therefore always

rebellion, overt or covert. Desperate oppression produces desperate resistance. We are bullied, fined, flogged, exiled, in a way you British would not stand for a month. Make allowance for a people who for their sins—their ignorance I mean—have had to stand it for centuries. Don't expect the virtues of the civilised from the man who from his environment is perforce a savage. We do not what we wish; only what we can. We are not miserable from choice—Bah! If I talk like this you will say I am a Nihilist." The Russian leant back lazily and laughed.

"I am aware that you are a Nihilist, Count Tzerkof," Hedford said, in the indifferent tone of a man who has politely agreed to a weather forecast by a stranger.

Count Tzerkof was silent for about a minute. His eyes sparkled rather fiercely under the fur travelling cap he wore. But when he spoke his voice was steady and without a trace of either surprise or temper. "Your imagination, sir, runs too fast. It is not necessary to belong to the people in order to feel for them."

"But your recent expression of opinion," Hedford said, with studied politeness, "means——"

"Means that Count Paul Tzerkof is generous of sympathy when it costs him nothing."

"The Count Paul is also very careless about his papers. I mean his Nihilistic papers, such as this." Hedford's bolt was shot. He smoothed a badly printed leaflet on his knee with a hand which would have trembled if his will had permitted it.

"I keep my papers as I please," the Count said coldly, after one glance at the paper. "Meantime we need not argue the matter further. Will you smoke? Try one of these. They are my favourites."

"Thank you. Have you a match?"

Hedford struck the match awkwardly. It burnt his fingers and he dropped it on the floor of the carriage. He stooped and picked it up before the flame had gone out. He was able to light his cigar with what remained of it.

Soon after Hedford took the cigar from his lips and said, excitedly, "There is something wrong with this cigar—the flavour——"

"There is something wrong with you," the Russian interrupted. "In a few

seconds I shall place your dead body under the seat. It will be found by the railway servants. There will be an inquest, but I shall not give evidence. I shall be well on my way to Russia when they hold it." He spoke these

smoked my own. This is your cigar, and this is my revolver." He produced both the cigar and pistol simultaneously, one in either hand. And in this way the men sat until the train drew up on the pier. Trowbrigg was at the carriage



"IN THIS WAY THE MEN SAT"

words as it were to himself, as if he had no listener, and he kept his face turned away from Hedford. When he looked round again, which he did with an effort, and saw his companion looking at him calmly, his jaw dropped.

"You smoked my cigar?" he cried.

"No, no," Hedford answered. "I

door. He had two policemen with him. Colonel Hedford charged Count Tzerkof with the murder of Wilfred Haughton, and the constables took the Russian into custody.

At the Count's trial it was proved by papers which Trowbrigg, in his clever if somewhat unscrupulous way, had an-

revelled at the Russian's residence, that he belonged to an advanced section of the Nihilists, and that he had been chosen as the executioner of Wilfred Haughton. The leader-writer's articles must be stopped. The most effective way to do this was to kill the writer. Count Tzerkof's high social and official position rendered him the safest instrument. Besides, the Count had already carried out several executions without fear, and with no shadow of reproach. But this was not known at the time, and never would have been known without Surgeon-Colonel Hedford's evidence.

Hedford proved that the half-smoked cigar which he found in Henry Coulson's room contained a silver tube with two empty chambers, in one of which he had detected traces of prussic acid; and in the other of a fulminating chemical which, when the cigar had burned close enough, would by expansion expel the poison

into the mouth of the smoker. The cigar was rolled in such a way that it drew perfectly, notwithstanding the tube; and the chamber for the chemical was protected, so that it was only when an inward breath was taken that the heat was great enough to expel the poison. The infernal machine would not therefore discharge itself while the cigar was momentarily withdrawn from the smoker's mouth. Further, the cigar which Count Paul Tzerkof had given Colonel Hedford in the railway carriage, and, indeed, all those in the case which had been found upon him by the police were similarly fitted. They all contained the prussic acid tube. This poison is deadly if admitted to the mouth even though it be not swallowed. Its vapour alone is fatal. The case was complete.

Count Paul Tzerkof was executed; Henry Coulson was lionised; and the Imperial doubled its receipts for the whole season.



From Generation to Generation.

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSSES OF DEVONSHIRE.



MARY BUTLER, WIFE OF THE FIRST DUKE



WILLIAM CAVENDISH, FIRST DUKE



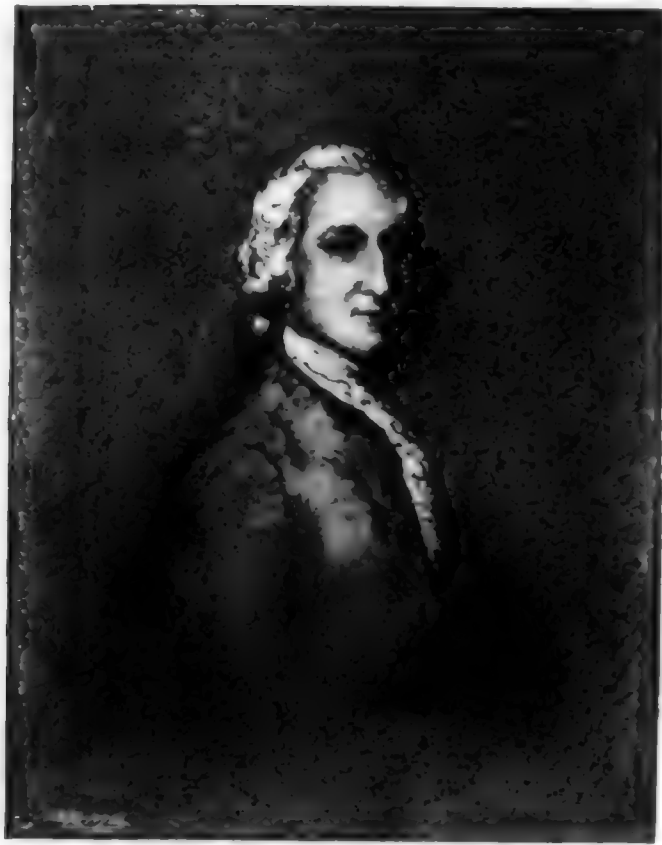
RACHEL RUSSELL, WIFE OF THE SECOND DUKE



WILLIAM, SECOND DUKE



WILLIAM, THIRD DUKE



WILLIAM, FOURTH DUKE



WILLIAM, FIFTH DUKE



"THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS," WIFE OF THE FIFTH DUKE

FROM THE PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH



WILLIAM, SIXTH DUKE



LADY BLANCHE HOWARD
WIFE OF THE SEVENTH DUKE



WILLIAM, SEVENTH DUKE
From a photograph by Harman



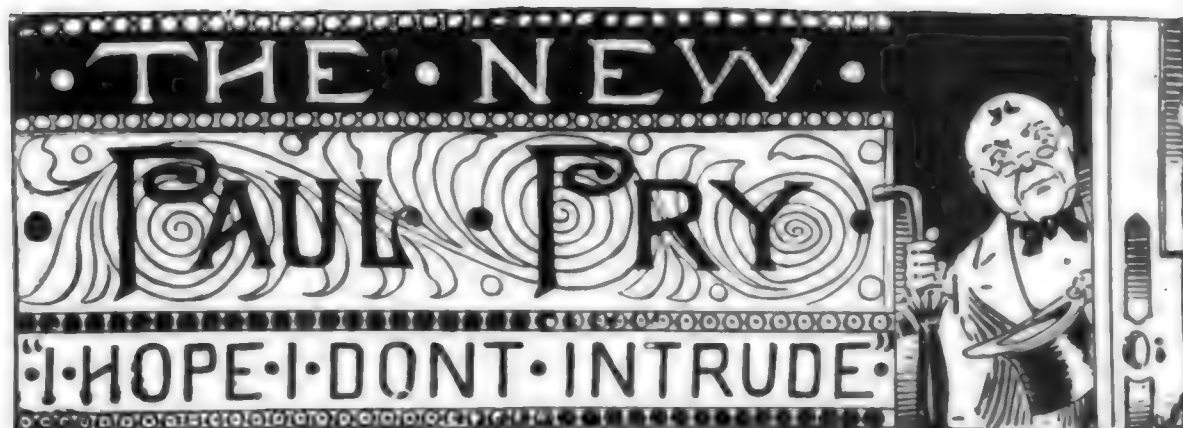
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AS A CHILD



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
From a photograph by Van der Weyde



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE
From a photograph by Bassano



SHADOW OR SUBSTANCE?

ARE fees and costs the shadow or substance of law? I asked myself, as I pondered recent discussions on work done or not done by eminent counsel, and cash pocketed with severe impartiality in either case, and other knotty legal points of a like nature. An enquiry at headquarters I thought might be of interest to the public, so I gat me to

*"Those bricky towers,
The which on Themmes brode aged back do
ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their
bowers."*

as Spencer called the Temple long ago.

LEADING QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

I visited first the chambers of Sir Boanerges Bowler, Q.C., M.P.: not that I ventured to tackle the great man himself; my turn would be better served by the great man's great man—in other words, his principal clerk. Him I found in affable and chatty mood.

"Hard times for the law, they say," I began, "but work seems all right here," as I glanced at the table, which literally groaned under its weight of briefs.

"I believe you, my boy," returned the great man, "and yet we don't go into court under a hundred guineas."

"But the public complain," I rejoined, "that you very often don't go into court even then; in fact, that having taken the money you don't do the work. Eh?"

"The public understands nothing about it," he replied, impatiently; "four or six cases are put down for hearing before a judge each day. Now, suppose we are in the fourth case on a Monday morning—well, that may be called on at once——"

"And what of the ones before it?" I interrupted.

"Oh, they may be settled, or may

break down altogether, or for the day, from lack of a witness or what not, or again, the earlier cases may prove real stickers and we may not be reached till Friday; a nice income we should make if we stuck to one court and to one case till it was over." He fairly snorted with indignation at the public stupidity, and I allowed him time to cool down before I asked:

"Then how do you arrange your work?"

"As best we can. Of course, the most important cases come first. Sometimes the junior will do as well as the leader. We make some sort of calculation of when our affair is like to be reached and act accordingly, but the best laid schemes go wrong, and there is always some fool to write to the papers. If we know beforehand that we cannot possibly attend to a case—as when we go electioneering, for instance—we always return brief and fee."

I cannot say I was much impressed by this instance of magnanimity. But I did not think it necessary to say so.

"But when you retain the brief and don't attend, do you return the fee then?"

He shook his head dubiously. "No need for that when our side wins, and even when we lost, the old practice was never to return anything, nay," he went on with rising emotion, "it was against etiquette, it was highly improper, it was positively indecent, and no honourable minded gentleman would give back a brass farthing. Ah! those were golden days," he finished with a sudden drop in his voice, and for a space he seemed lost in reflection on the ancient glories.

"But things seem changed now?" I asked, after a decent interval.

"Partly, partly. The other day we had a fee of a hundred guineas, we were

not there and the case was lost. The solicitors wrote suggesting a return of the fee: we gave them back forty guineas. We had read the papers so we kept the sixty. They grumbled that our having read the papers was no good to them. Perhaps not, I said, but it was a great deal of trouble to us—Rather had them there, I fancy.”

THE VERY JUNIOR BAR.

Next I sought one of the more secluded courts of the Temple, where some picturesque—if highly uncomfortable—buildings still survive to show how the whole looked in great Eliza’s reign. I climbed an interminable succession of creaking wooden stairs, and so attained the chambers of a gentleman whom, after the fashion of John Bunyan, I may term Mr. Almost Briefless. I knocked, and a shrill treble voice replied, “Come in.” I opened and found in the passage a boy—very small, very dirty, but very impudent. I despaired of useful information, but his master, curious, I fancy, to know who the visitor was, peeped out from the inner room. He courteously dissembled his disappointment when he found I was no client, and professed himself ready to tell me what he could. I began by giving a summary of my former interview. He scoffed at the popular complaints. “Surely,” he said, “the public or its solicitors have only themselves to thank. There is no lack of able counsel; if they choose like sheep to follow the same path to one man’s chambers they must take the consequence. To adapt the old bull, Is a leader a bird that he can be in two or ten places at the same time?” He caught a slight smile on my face and went on, “No, I don’t mean that they should brief poor beggars like myself, but next to the four or five popular favourites are a host of able Queen’s Counsel whose leisure is fairly ample, and who will guarantee personal attendance for a fee much less than that required by men like Sir Boanerges Bowler. Brief them, and the difficulty vanishes.”

“But doesn’t the case suffer?” I asked.

“But rarely,” he replied, “the success of very eminent counsel seems greater that it really is. For one thing they have the pick of the work, and they naturally choose the best. When they hold the wrong side of the stick they force a settlement: their position gives them

such influence that their advice is practically a command. And then most cases are now tried by a judge without a jury, and before a strong judge, a fairly able man, (and all barristers in actual practice are fairly able), if conscientious and hard-working, will put the matter as well as it can be put.”

“Does so little depend,” I asked, “on the skill of the counsel employed?”

“In a perfect system, the facts of the case would be everything, and the skill of the advocate nothing, but here perfection is (fortunately for the prosperous barrister), impossible. You see, every case where there is a real matter at issue consists of a bundle of facts for and against. These facts may be presented in many ways, and the skill of the advocate consists in presenting the aspect most favourable to his clients. Now, juries are influenced by much which professional training teaches a judge to disregard, and before them the skill of a great advocate may find the fullest employment.”

“Yes,” said I, “and when great interests are involved, when success or failure means prosperity or ruin to the client, or even when passions are roused, no doubt an effort is made to get the man with the big name, though it is only a chance that he may do the case good, or even turn up at all.”

“That is so,” he went on, “and then, in big cases, the advocate’s fees are a mere trifle in comparison to the interests involved, and they do not sum up to so much after all. The busiest men at the bar have to work very hard, no one denies that; a speculator on the Stock Exchange will often make more in a day than they do in three months.”

“And what is your opinion,” I perhaps cruelly asked, “as to the return of fees?”

A somewhat melancholy smile passed across his face, “That is not a practical question with me as yet.”

“The problem with you,” I ventured to hint, “is at an earlier stage.”

“Precisely,” he frankly responded. “You must get your fee before the propriety, or even possibility of returning it can be discussed.”

“But put yourself in his place,” I suggested.

My companion endeavoured to do so in imagination, and if I may judge from the pleased expression which brightened up his countenance not without success.

"No," he said, decidedly, "I don't think the fee should be returned in any case; solicitors and the public must take the risk when they brief an over-busy leader. Moreover, when a man starts at the bar solicitors do him out of his fees again and again, and it is only just that they should be treated somewhat after the same fashion."

"Possibly," I replied, "but it is not the same solicitors, who do and are done, nor is it the same counsel who are done, and who do."

"Ah no," was the answer, "but that is, I fear, an imperfection in the nature of things which it is impossible to remedy."

FROM THE SOLICITORS POINT OF VIEW.

From the Temple I crossed over to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there had some words with a partner in a leading firm of solicitors.

"The present system is not satisfactory," he told me, "but how to amend it? Barristers, it is said, have no rights and no duties (legally, of course), but the big men protect themselves by getting their fees in advance, and they are not liable for negligence if they don't attend to a case. If they were, a new state of things would perforce result.

The leaders could only accept a fraction of the briefs they do now, their fees, large as they are, would be considerably increased, and yet they would make a



HIS FIRST BRIEF
Drawn by H. Mark Marks

smaller income, whilst work would be more scattered."

"But surely a man's own sense of right and wrong——"

"Right and wrong," he interrupted,

"are not the words for this discussion, but if they were, I might apply some very harsh names to the action of some very great men. You know the story of the leading counsel who was cantering in the Park, when he ought to have been in one of half-a-dozen courts; he was doing, he said, equal justice to all his clients. In another sphere of activity this might be harshly called taking money by false pretences."

"It seems so," I agreed, "but surely it is a mere joke of the *ben trovato* tribe."

"No doubt, but it is one of a hundred tales which have some real basis; this, for instance, is told of an eminent judge of to-day. When at the bar, he was briefed in some case where he did not turn up. His clerk afterwards demanded the fee, saying it had not been sent round with the papers; the solicitor said it had, and together they sought out the brief, and untied its fastening of red tape. There was the cheque pinned on the first page. The deduction is obvious."

"But you have responsibility," I said.

"True," he replied, "and juries make us feel it whenever they can." He winced, as at some disagreeable reflection, but went on, "however, by briefing or taking the advice of counsel, we can in many cases transfer this responsibility —"

"To people who haven't any," I interrupted, "an ingenious arrangement in truth, but might not the difficulty of non-attendance be met by employing men a little less known?"

"Well, the public has its fancies here as elsewhere. It runs after great names, it prefers apparently to take its chance, and we must do as we are directed."

"So that you can suggest no effectual remedy?"

"Oh yes, there is one effectual remedy for that and every other evil of litigation. Don't go to law."

"I am afraid you can scarcely teach that lesson to the public?" I answered, not a little amazed at his frankness.

"If the state of business before the Courts is to count for anything, I fear the public has already learnt that lesson for itself."



The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The Editors of the "Ludgate" have had some difficulty in deciding how to award the prize for a short story, but have finally judged the story sent by Miss Annie Gertrude Matthews, Lower Slaughter, Bourton on the Water, Gloucester, to be the best among those submitted to him. The best poem was sent by Mr. F. C. Randall, Lime Avenue, Wynn Street, Birmingham. The photographs were, as usual, very numerous, and they maintained a high average of excellence. But for a fault in composition the medal would have gone to a photograph sent by Mr. W. Daines, 26, Heavitree Road, Plumstead: it is commended, but is not reproduced, inasmuch as it would not "process" well. The prize is awarded to Mr. George A. Carruthers, Liscard, Cheshire, for his "So Sleepy." Photographs for the next competition should reach the offices of the "Ludgate" not later than March 25th, and the result will be announced in the May number. There is no restriction as to subject.

THE BEST SET OF VERSES.

THE MAGICIAN OF LIFE.

By F. C. RANDALL, Lime Avenue, Wynn Street, Birmingham.

I.

NOW I have found thee, glory of my heart,
Mine eyes behold the mysteries of life,
No more I dwell self-centred and apart,
An atom torn by elemental strife.
Thy touch of fire thrilled through this soul of mine,
Magician! God! Revealer of the Truth!
And dross was gold, and water living wine,
And I a man rejoicing in my youth!

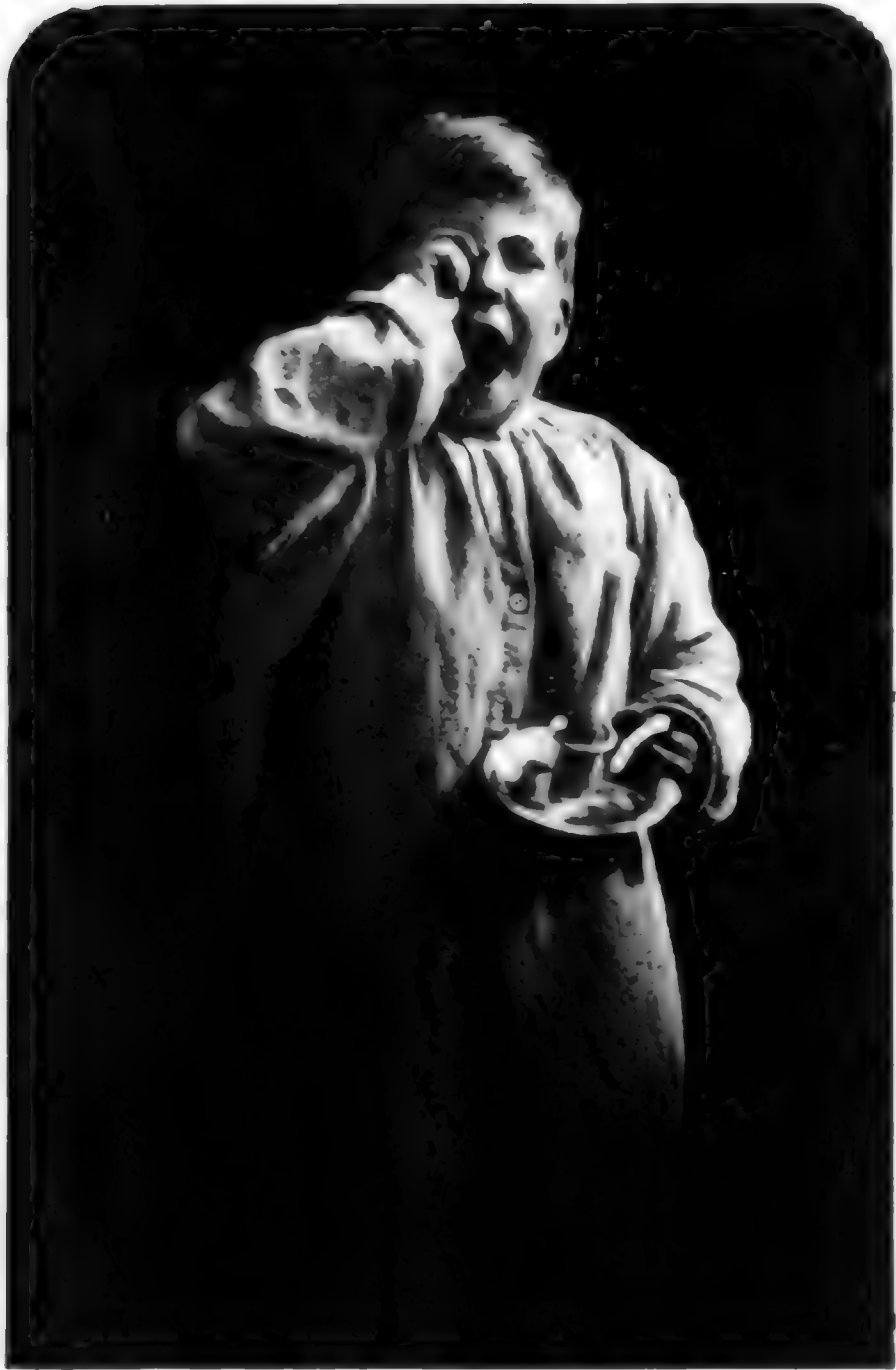
II.

I know that toil and pain perforce must come;
Now, let them come, I will not shirk their grasp;
But grapple with them—grim, unyielding, dumb,
Till back I bend them in a victor's clasp.
Ah, do not doubt but I shall win my spurs,
Since thou hast set me such a goodly prize,
I'd scale high Heaven for that white soul of hers,
And I have seen thy challenge in her eyes!

III.

Hence, with the petty lures of power and pelf,
My poverty and vain ambition schemed;
Whate'er befall me I have known myself,
And I am somewhat greater than I dreamed!
Orb thou thyself, my soul, to broader scope,
Steadfast as he who sought the Holy Grail;
If thou would'st compass thy desire and hope,
Thou must be noble or 'twere best to fail!

The Best Photograph.



"SO SLEEPY": MEDAL

BY GEORGE A. CARRUTHERS, *Masscy Park, Liscard, Cheshire*



ANEMONES: COMMENDED
BY J. S. GLADWELL, *Chacewater, Cornwall*



"THE RACE HOME": COMMENDED
BY C. F. INSTON, *Liverpool*



MIST IN THE OGWEN VALLEY: COMMENDED
BY JAMES SMITH, JUN., *Wavertree, Liverpool*



THE OLD HOMESTEAD: COMMENDED
BY B. KARLEESE, *Handsworth, Hants.*

The Best Drawing.

March



March brings breezes loud and shrill
stirs ye dancing daffodil.

A. J. R. ARMOUR

BY A. J. R. ARMOUR, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow

The Best Short Story.

TO-MORROW'S TROTH.

By MISS ANNIE GERTRUDE MATTHEWS, *Lower Slaughter,
Bourton on the Water, Gloucester.*

"SYBIL, it's simply perverseness."
"Now Jack, don't knock that tree about with your walking stick! Please remember you are in a public garden, not your own. Some of the authorities will be after you in a minute."

"I'll swish every blossom off, if you don't answer me properly, and tell the gardeners why. They will all sympathise. I have a fair amount of patience, but the stock is getting emptied at last. It isn't that I don't *know* you love me. Everybody knows it. We have belonged to each other always—but somehow—the last few months I have been hungering for an assurance from you. Be kind to me to-day."

"I will positively call the gardeners if you destroy one more flower. Those darling, yellow azaleas: I am so-fond of them."

"And you are fond of me. Why not tell me so just for once?"

"Jack, you really are tiresome. It is much too lovely a day to be bothered with sentimentalities."

"So you always say, or something to the same effect. I hardly know why I am so persistent to-day, but I have a feeling that I cannot leave you without hearing just once from your lips, what I never can get them to utter. 'Jack, I love you, and I will be your wife.'"

"You are a foolish boy, and just because you are so troublesome you must be made to wait. Perhaps I will say it to-morrow at the Shepton's picnic. Will that satisfy you?"

Jack Trevor did not answer for a moment, but stood punching a gravel stone with his stick. Then he looked up and said slowly, "I suppose it must."

A curious shade was on his face, but he threw it off, and went on in his usual cheery manner. "Well, it is time I was

off. Old Maurell will be waiting. Good-bye Sybil."

She looked after the tall figure striding up the gravel path, watched it through the gates, and then turned on her homeward way, a little smile lurking in the corners of her lips. This smile disappeared, and was succeeded by a graver, more tender look. "Poor old Jack," she said, half aloud, "He has been very good and patient, and I have been rather unkind to him. He shall have what he wants to-morrow."

That afternoon Sybil Grant was sitting alone in her drawing-room, trying to work; but she seemed restless and uneasy, and after sewing a few stitches would get up and walk to the window, quite aimlessly apparently, for she did not appear to see anything. Evidently she was disturbed and troubled, for her face had quite lost its usual cheery look. Presently she put down her work, and went into the garden.

Generally there were a hundred claims on her attention; she loved every stick and stone of her little domain, but to-day nothing appealed to her; the sweet scents and sights were utterly unheeded. She walked up and down the gravel path hurriedly for a few minutes, then went in again and upstairs to her bedroom, and put on her walking things. She fastened the last button of her gloves, then suddenly wrenched them off, and flung herself on her knees at her bedside. She crouched there for half-an-hour or more, then with a white, settled face, went once more down to the drawing-room, and sat there—waiting—waiting—

At the usual time the maid came in with tea. Sybil took no notice while the little table was drawn up to her side, and when the servant had left the room she still remained in the same position.

The tea got gradually cold, and flies from the window came and wandered over the cake, but Sybil did not stir.

The only thing that roused her was the thumping knock that generally announced the arrival of the evening paper. She sat up and leaned forward, and after a few minutes' interval rang the bell. No one answered it, and she rang again.

"Bring me the paper, Mary," she said, as the maid opened the door.

"It—it has not come yet, miss," she answered, without advancing any farther into the room, and after a second's hesitation. If Sybil had looked round she would have seen that the girl's face was white and trembling.

"What was that knock just now, then?"

There was another second's hesitation before Mary answered again, "A parcel for cook, miss."

She went out and Sybil resumed her old position.

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Grant let himself in with his latchkey, and was crossing the hall to the drawing-room

when Mary met him on the way with an open paper in her hand, her eyes red with crying.

"Oh, sir, oh, sir," she whispered, pulling him by the coat into the dining-room, "don't go in there just yet. We daresn't tell Miss Sybil, but there is dreadful news in the paper. It says that Mr. Jack Trevor was killed suddenly early this afternoon. He was walking up Broad Street when he saw a little child going across the road, just as a cab came very fast round the corner. He got the child out of the way, but somehow his foot slipped on a piece of orange peel; he fell with his head against one of the wheels and was killed directly."

Mr. Grant opened the drawing-room door and walked gently up to his daughter.

"My dear child," he said, "can you hear some very bad news?"

She got up and stretched her hands feebly out before her. "You need not tell me," she said, "Jack is dead. The light is gone out of my life—and—and I would not—tell him."





ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

THOROGOOD'S WILL.

IN TWO PARTS: SECOND PART.

SMURTHWAITE paused dramatically. Then he continued. "This sudden disappearance of the document altogether staggered me. I went over the papers one by one again, but it was not among them. I inspected every corner of that big empty dining-room. Then, thinking it possible that in the hurry of the moment I might have put the thing into one of my pockets and forgotten having done so, I searched them also. But all my efforts were in vain: the will was not to be found.

"After some minutes wasted in this manner I went upstairs to Thorogood's room. The dead man's daughter met me on the threshold.

"'Miss Constance,' I said, 'can you tell me what I was doing when you called me upstairs just now, and what I did afterwards.'

"She looked at me with momentary bewilderment. 'You were writing,' she said. 'You came upstairs at once when I had told you you were wanted.'

"'Bringing the document with me?' I asked, despairingly.

"'No,' she said, 'you left it on the table.'

"'I am sure you are right,' I said. 'But the document was your father's will, and it is no longer where I left it.

For your sake and mine we must search every corner of the house immediately.'

"The hours that followed were charged with such anxiety as I have not endured since. I thought of all the stories I had ever read, and vainly suggested that a pet dog might have done away with it—there was no dog in the house, nor any other pet animal on which the crime might be fixed. Together we searched the whole dining-room, and the stairs and passages leading to the room in which Thorogood had died, until I verily believe there was not an article so big as a pin in the whole place that one or another of us had not examined. There was no longer any room for doubt: the will had disappeared into space.

"We gave up seeking after a while. I swallowed a cup of coffee, and then went out into the raw cold of the morning, walking hurriedly until I found a cab to take me to my chambers. My emotions, as you may imagine, were hardly of the pleasantest. A few hours before I had been congratulating myself that, despite the long continued folly of Thorogood, he had not died without making a will. Reggie had not triumphed, and the daughters would not be cheated of their dues. Now I saw that they were altogether at his mercy.

"Again, from a professional point of view, the night's events were singularly unpleasant. Thorogood had made his will at the last moment, and had entrusted it to my keeping. I, by my carelessness, had failed to keep it safely. It mattered not at all that what I now admitted to be a piece of carelessness was, after all, what anyone might have done under the circumstances I have narrated.

"I drove to my chambers, had a bath,

illness. Soon after I had gone she had had a stroke, and now lay unconscious and at death's door. As a matter of fact, she died without recovering consciousness, and so soon after her master that both were buried on the same day.

"It is useless to attempt to revive the memory of that awful day. Constance and I searched the whole house through from top to bottom, and spent the intervals in the wildest sort of speculations and hypotheses. At the end of the day

I was convinced that the document would never be found in that house, and I went back to chambers in a thoroughly dispirited condition.

"Fortunately I still collected Thorogood's rents, and so had money in hand for current expenses. Moreover, the first step which had to be taken was a very obvious one: I sent Constance abroad, so that she might not be troubled by her brother, and closed the house, putting a stalwart caretaker in charge. I then settled to the pleasant task of considering what on earth I was to do. I had twelve months allowed me before the period during which the will could be proved should elapse. Of course, there was no hope of proving the will until it was discovered: my evidence, that of Constance, and that of the two witnesses, would

go for nothing. To tell the truth, my attempts to devise some method whereby I might start on the search with one chance in a million of ultimate success, soon degenerated into a constant praying that something impossible might turn up to get me out of my predicament.

"It was only a day or two later that Reggie came to call on me at the office, distinctly under the influence of drink, and very much inclined to bluster. 'So the old man's dead at last,' he said. 'I



"I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS BEING DONE"

and breakfasted after a fashion. Then I went along to the office and told my clerk that I must be away from business all day, and that only on matters of the utmost importance was I to be communicated with at Thorogood's house in Balham. Then I went down again, to find that matters had become still more complicated since I left the house in the morning.

"Old Mrs. Turbin, the aged pensioner, had done far more than she should have done during the period of her master's

want to know what is being done in the winding up of his affairs.'

"There was no use my attempting to effect a compromise: I had to be absolutely bold. 'My dear fellow,' I said, 'these things take time, and for the present I have nothing to tell you.'

"For a moment he looked threatening. 'But——'

"'Of course,' I said, 'you will get your money in the usual way, but you will get it from me, and I warn you frankly that I can stand no nonsense. I am much too busy.'

"After this interview there were others, all more or less embarrassing. I managed, however, to maintain the attitude I had adopted at the first; for if I had not been absolutely bold I might just as well have given up immediately all hopes of recovering the will and seeing the girls righted and my mistake repaired.

"It was some six months after Thoroughgood's death that I came back late one night to find a dirty note, badly written in watery ink, which seemed to suggest that there was yet hope. It was unsigned, and merely said that if Mr. Smurthwaite wanted to know anything about a will which had lately disappeared, he had better be on the south side of Blackfriars Bridge at ten o'clock the next night.

"I could not see how the knowledge I required was to come from such a quarter, but I had to snatch at even the most unpromising chance of a clue, and so I did not hesitate as to what I should do. On the next evening, precisely at ten o'clock, I crossed Blackfriars Bridge and took up my position against the parapet on the farther side. For a few



"A SHABBILY DRESSED WOMAN APPEARED"

minutes nothing happened. Then, at last, a woman, shabbily dressed and miserable, strolled past me without a word or a look in my direction. She went a few steps forward; then she paused, turned, and walked past me again. This happened once more; then, as she passed me for the fourth time, she spoke.

"'Mr. Smurthwaite?' she murmured without stopping.

"'Yes,' I said.

"She walked past me again. 'Follow me,' she said.

"This was hardly what I had bargained for, but none the less I followed her towards the south, until she turned up — Street, which, if you remember, has since become infamous as the abode of a notorious poisoner. She still preceded me. Finally, turning through a

narrow archway which led into a blind alley, she paused and awaited me.

"'You are Mr. Smurthwaite?' she asked.

"'Yes,' I said. 'And it was you who wrote the note which brings me here to-night? What have you to tell me about this will which disappeared?'

"'Hush!' she said. 'You must come upstairs.' And thereupon I groped my way after her up a rotten staircase I stood at the door on the landing while she searched for a candle; when she had lit it I entered a room containing the barest minimum of furniture—a box, a broken chair, and a rickety bed. I now saw the woman better than I had hitherto been able to do. She had once been pretty, I saw, and that at no very distant period. But she was clothed in rags that would have fetched nothing at the shoddy makers; one of her eyes had been blackened, and you could see that she had not had proper food for many a long day.

"'What is it you have to tell me?' I said again, and I knew that I was in luck when she had spoken her first words.

"'Promise me, first of all,' she said, 'That nothing I tell you shall injure Reginald Thorogood.'

"'If you can tell me anything that will lead to the restoration of his father's will,' I said, 'I will promise more than that: I will swear to you that you will be doing him an excellent turn.'

"'I had to make that condition,' she said: 'I am his wife.'

"'Some four years ago,' she continued, 'I was barmaid at the —— in Cannon Street. Reggie used to come there very often, and he paid me a good deal of attention. Nor was he the only one who did so.'

"'If you will try to forget this ancient overcoat and disreputable hat,' I said, 'you will remember that I was one of the number. I used to lunch there pretty often when business took me citywards.'

"Mrs. Thorogood regarded me closely. 'I do remember now,' she said. 'Well, I need not tell you I have changed since those days. Of the others, there was one man who wished to marry me. He was not very attractive or in a particularly good position, but he was a good, honest man, and I would to Heaven I had become his wife. Reggie heard of the offer he had made me and offered to

marry me himself, and I—because I was a fool—agreed to be his wife. Since then—well, you can see for yourself what we have come to. Still, he is my husband, and I want to save him.

"'Six months ago he went down to Balham to extort more money from his father. He returned late, in a drunken state, and strangely excited. He told me he had had a stroke of luck, and was going to be a rich man soon. He added that when he had come into his money he would get another wife. Since then he has behaved very strangely, and I have gathered that he has the will.'

"'You know where it is?' I cried, excitedly.

"'No,' she said. 'I imagine he always carries it about in his pocket. But these should interest you.'

"She went to a box in the corner of the room and drew from it two filthy letters, handing them to me. The first had evidently been written soon after the disappearance of the will. It congratulated Reggie on his father's death, and the brightness of his prospects, and ended by saying that the old lot would be glad to see him at the old place.

"'What is this place the letter speaks of?' I asked.

"'A low down political club in —— Street, Whitechapel,' answered the wife.

"The second letter referred to the same subject; it was written by an angry man and bade Reggie 'burn the thing,' so that he might make his position absolutely safe. It ended with the hope that he would come down to the old place at once and announce that he had followed this disinterested advice.

"'Do you think he has destroyed it?' I asked.

"'I would swear he has not,' said the woman. 'He is weak enough, God knows, but the weakest are the most obstinate, and the only reason he has for preserving it—their advice to the contrary—is the strongest reason he could have.'

"After that there was little to be said. I gave the woman money and bade her go and get food. I arranged that she was to communicate with me if anything fresh happened, and then retired, after reiterating my promise that nothing she might tell me should hurt her precious husband.

"I went down to that Whitechapel club one day, more or less disguised,

and found Reggie there, engaged in conversation with three of the choicest ruffians in a very ruffianly crew. Confident in the cleverness of my disguise, I ventured to approach them, but overheard nothing of more importance than the mention of my own name at the end of a long string of uncomplimentary words. After that I went back to my chambers and waited day after day for a message from Reggie's wife.

"It came at last—a hurried note: '*Same time and place to-night: this is the last chance.*' Accordingly, I again put on the ancient overcoat I had worn on the first night, and again met Mrs. Thorogood and accompanied her to her house.

"She was better dressed and better fed now, and the room was a little more decent.

"What have you to tell me?" I asked.

"Only this: he has not destroyed the will yet, but they have been urging him to do so more and more strongly, and if you don't get it soon it will be burned."

"For a moment I hesitated. Then I saw that there was only one course before me, and decided upon taking it without any further debating.

"When does your husband get home?" I asked.

"The woman laughed, bitterly. 'Oh, he may come at any time betwixt one o'clock and three. The only certain thing is that he will be drunk.'

"Well, then," I said, 'I will tell you what must be done. Remember the promise I made to you.'

"Thereupon I told her of my plan, and obtained her promise of co-operation. I descended the rickety staircase, and hurried across the river to my chambers. In little over half-an-hour I was back again, but now I had changed my boots for soundless rubber shoes. I took up my position in the darkest corner of the alley.

"It cannot have been much more than three hours that I stood there, but to a man who experiences them for the first time the emotions of a common footpad are rather trying, and I found the passage of the minutes intolerably slow. At last, however, I heard a man staggering towards me, and a moment later saw Reggie coming homewards. He was quite intoxicated, and supported himself against the wall as he advanced. He went noisily upstairs, and I still waited in my dark corner.



"REGGIE COMING HOMWARDS."

"For a short time there was the sound of voices. Then silence followed, and after awhile a light appeared in the window I had been watching. I came out of my hiding place and cautiously mounted the stairs.

"The door stood ajar. I pushed it open, and saw that Reggie had flung himself down on the bed. He was fast asleep. The woman stood and watched me from the corner of the room.

"I moved cautiously across to the side of the bed, made sure that Reggie was asleep—he was more like a man drugged—and then knelt on the floor at his side. I gently unbuttoned his overcoat (for he had flung himself down without removing



"I HEARD THE WOMAN STIFLE A CRY OF FEAR"

his boots), and felt in the pocket. There were papers in it, mostly referring to betting transactions. The will was not among them; and I was in the act of replacing the packet, when the man stirred in his sleep. I confess my heart was in my mouth, and I heard the woman stifle a cry of fear.

"However, he did not wake, and after a pause I went on with my work. I searched the inside pocket of his coat, and found in it a bundle of papers. I examined them eagerly by the dim light of the candle, and at last, when I found the will among them, the endorsement still half-written, as I had left it, I could have danced for joy. The woman saw that I had got it.

"Go at once!" she whispered, and I left her."

Smurthwaite paused. "But what came afterwards?" I asked.

"I proved the will that very morning," said Smurthwaite. "Before I did that, however, I had seen Mrs. Thorogood again, and found her lodgings in which she could wait until a situation I had found for her at a Midland hotel was ready for her, and she for it. Then I was ready for Reggie.

"That was a very easy matter. He

blustered and threatened to begin with, but quickly ended by begging for mercy, and confessing how he had managed the theft. I told you that old Mrs. Turbin had remained his friend long after all the others were estranged. He had gone to Balham on the night when his father died, and the old lady, being alone in the kitchen, had let him in. Then he had demanded drink, which she was unable to give him. He had gone to find drink for himself, and reached the dining-room just a moment after I had left it. The lighted candles burning in the great dark room called his attention to the document which lay upon the table and he read it. It was probably the shock of hearing that the will was missing, and realising that Reggie had stolen it, which led to Mrs. Turbin's death and for a long time made my search seem hopeless. Naturally, when once he had read it, he put it in his pocket. Being an obstinate, as well as a weak fool, he had abstained from destroying it, and so ruined himself."

"What became of him?" I asked.

"I forget the details," said Smurthwaite, briefly. "He died out in America several years ago."





The Lady of Night

IN a wind-woven mantle of dazzling
white
And gold arrayed, the Lady of Night
Peeps through window-blinds, to spy
Where little children sleeping lie.

Like sunlight, sweet and bright and
cool,
That hath lain all day in a darkling
pool
Of murmuring water, her shadow lies
On parted lips and folded eyes.

And all night long the children dream
Of a field of flowers, with a crystal
stream
Winding the slender stems between,
Where fairies circle round their Queen.

But when the Dawn, with a giant's might,
Heaves his shoulder, pearly-white
As a sea-nymph's brow, through the
leaping waves
And calls his team from their ocean
caves,

Till he shines like a star through the
startled night—
The Lady of Dreams, in dazzling white
And gold arrayed, grows thin and wan,
And swoons in the light of the laughing
Dawn.

ALEXANDER STUART.





MR. BARRY PAIN
DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

Mr. Barry Pain.

IT is by a very curious chance that it has fallen to the lot of Mr. Barry Pain to write the Smoking-room column in *Black and White*, for there can be few people of his generation who are less unintelligently interested in the current events recorded in the newspapers than he. Discover some minute point as to the ways of human beings and he will bring to bear upon it—for a time—an amount of labour that ought to result in the production of a blue-book at least. It doesn't really matter, for example, whether a pipe has or has not a silver band, so long as it smokes sweet. But, if you reflect, you will perceive that there must be such a thing as the ideal pipe; and, if you begin to think about that question, the band becomes a matter of the highest importance. There can be no doubt that in the view of Mr. Barry Pain it could far more truly be said to demand consideration in an article than any such trifles as the Armenian question and the conduct of the Outlanders.

His first book had not been published many days ere its author was publicly branded as a New Humorist, and, quite apart from the fact that his humour is not the humour of the mother-in-law which delighted an earlier generation, you should be willing to agree that the appellation suits him well. His most comical tales have almost always a touch of the pathetic in them, and, if he were not altogether without bitterness, you might recall in connection with his work the lines in which Matthew Arnold defines the genius of Heine. His understanding of the boy is absolute and complete, and he recognises—as well he may—that nowadays we do not all outgrow our boyhood on entering the twenties, as did the portentous youths who have since appeared as celebrities in the *Strand*. But better than his studies of the boy

are the fantastic tales wherewith he used to delight us in the *Granta*, as B.E.O.P., and which have since appeared at intervals in *Black and White*, the *National Observer*, *Cornhill*, and elsewhere. "Exchanges," "The Glass of Supreme Moments," "The Celestial Grocery," "White Nights": they are all tragic tales, and they are that not only in virtue of the actual story, but in virtue also of a peculiarly heart-breaking pathos in the telling. To one reader they have a trick of summoning up, for no particular reason, a vision of melancholy January sunsets, seen over the Port Meadow at Oxford. Yet they are the tales of a humorist, for only a humorist could give them that touch of the grotesque which you will note in all of them, without blundering headlong upon the ridiculous; and their author is rightly-called a New Humorist, because in this way he gives expression to what is most characteristic in the moods of his generation. After all, the impression you take from the best of his work is very little different from that which is made upon you by some of the most distinctly personal of the poems of Matthew Arnold.

His personality is a complex one. After what has been written above let it be added that he has contributed to *Punch*, and been for a brief space among the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*. He is an enthusiast upon gardening, takes an intelligent interest in vintages, and so on, and is learned in matters of philosophy, crime, alchemy, and the occult properties of precious stones. He has a host of friends, and would never think it worth while to have what you could seriously call an enemy. And one day soon, he will discharge the debt owed by every young man who has done good short stories, and present the world with a long novel.

The Newest Photography.

BY H. C. MARILLIER.

BUT a few weeks back probably not more than twenty persons in Britain had heard the name of Röntgen, and even now, I should say, it is doubtful if many know more of him than that he has discovered the mysterious rays which have made his name conspicuous. As I have been asked to write a concise account of this discovery, I cannot do better than begin by stating that all

I personally know of Herr Röntgen is that he is Professor of Physics in the University of Würzburg; that he is a grave-looking man, with a thick, bushy beard, somewhat resembling the more recent portraits of the late Emperor Frederick, and that, at the time when he suddenly became famous, he was engaged upon a series of elaborate experiments in confirmation of the researches of

Lenard and Hertz into the action of kathode rays. Now the kathode rays, about which more anon, require for their production a Crookes's vacuum tube, or some other highly exhausted bulb after the pattern of the Geissler tubes so dear to polytechnic students and lovers of the beautiful at penny-readings. This again necessitates a somewhat powerful induction coil, or high-tension sparking apparatus, to the two poles of which it is connected by wires let into the glass. The poles are now transferred to the points where the wires enter on different sides of the tube, the positive pole being called the anode and

the negative the kathode. When a discharge passes, the exhausted bulb is suffused with delicate light, which passes in a stream between the two poles, and from the negative pole, or kathode there is shot out a stream of invisible rays which have the property of producing phosphorescence in any body, other than metals, whereon they may fall. Thus the bulb itself, at the point where this stream

of invisible kathode rays strikes it, becomes phosphorescent, and in course of time would soften and eventually melt. Other bodies become red-hot. Mr. Crookes discovered these invisible rays many years ago and held the opinion that they consisted of minute air particles negatively electrified and so repelled from the kathode by the law of mutual repulsion. Owing to the rarity of the air inside the bulb they are able



PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN

to stream away in a straight course without being jostled or diverted by a crowd of other particles, and when they strike the glass wall of the tube or any other body they set up the action known as phosphorescence or fluorescence. This is the theory of "radiant matter," and it has obtained great credence and warm support from such authorities as Lord Kelvin and Professor Fitzgerald. Molecular theories, however, rarely survive long without opposition, or perhaps they seldom get the chance; and so the theory of Crookes's radiant matter fell into the hands of sundry German physicists who

were making a specialty of electric radiation, and they decided that the kathode rays were a kind of vibration of the luminiferous ether. It is not a



Metal objects through calico pocket and sheet of aluminium.
Exposure four minutes.

SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

healthy thing to peer too far into the mysteries of luminiferous ether. Few of those who do so ever do anything else; and, besides, the number of different kinds of ethers that have been invented to account for certain facts, and which all have to be taken into consideration, is rather bewildering. Suffice to say, therefore, that a pupil of the eminent Heinrich Hertz, named Lenard, discovered that the kathode rays would stream in a straight line outside the Crookes's tube as well as in it; that they would penetrate many solid substances, such as thin plates of metal, and that they would leave an impression upon a photographic plate. In this way he obtained shadow photographs of objects enclosed in a thin metal box, but as his researches were in no way sensational, and required to be expressed in a great profusion of Greek letters and differential signs, they did not become very popular and remain to this day buried in the pages of *Poggendorf's Annalen* and one or two other venturesome periodicals which were not afraid to reprint them.

It was these experiments of Lenard's that Professor Röntgen was investigating when he chanced upon his discovery.

A paper contributed by him to the *Sitzungsberichte der Würzburger Physico-med. Gesellschaft*, 1895 (so long as literature is paid by length I will never abate the name of a German publication), and ably translated by Mr. Arthur Stanton for *Nature*, gives the circumstances, which were as follows:—A Crookes's tube, excited by a Ruhmkorff coil, was enclosed within a close-fitting shield of black cardboard, in such a way that only the invisible kathode rays could escape. Under these conditions, in a dark room, a surface covered with certain substances becomes phosphorescent owing to the action of the rays. A photographer mentions as suitable substances, pentadecylparatolylketone and platino-cyanide of barium. For reasons of brevity, probably, Herr Röntgen used the latter. And he found that the phosphorescence took place at a remarkable distance from the tube: also that a thick volume, corresponding to one of our Blue Books, did not affect the result when placed in the direct path of the rays. Mr. Stead has informed me that a Lebel bullet can penetrate further into a Blue Book than anybody or anything else wherewith he is acquainted, and that it can only go two-thirds of the way through. The severity of the test becomes manifest when it is added that this volume was printed in German. Herr Röntgen began to experiment



Metal objects in wooden box. Exposure four minutes.

SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

further. Two packs of cards did not keep the rays back. A single thickness of tinfoil hardly cast a shadow. Thick blocks of wood were still transparent. Sheet



Coins inside leather purse. Exposure four minutes.
SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

aluminium, ebonite, and other substances usually considered opaque let the rays through freely. Metals, on the other hand, unless very thin, kept them off. A hand held up before the phosphorescent surface threw a strange shadow, the bones alone being visible and the flesh transparent. From this to photography was but a step. Lenard's kathode rays could influence a photographic plate. The phenomena just described pointed already to something very different from Lenard's rays, but they might also record themselves in this way, and on making a trial they did so. The substances that were transparent or semi-transparent to the rays when a fluorescent sheet was behind were the same when a photographic plate was substituted for the sheet, and in this way it at once became possible to photograph metal objects shut up in a wooden box, or covered with a sheet of opaque material, or otherwise concealed from sight. Even the bones of a human being could be photographed through his flesh. To Professor Röntgen this meant little more than a confirmation of the pregnant discovery he had already made. To the outside public it is the gist of the

whole matter. Professor Röntgen has expounded a new form of energy. The public see in it nothing more than a means for producing "the newest photography." And now what does the newest photography consist in? It is nothing more than a method of producing shadow pictures. The entertainer who throws a rabbit on a sheet by twisting his hands into the proper form and thrusting them into the path of a beam of light is just as much a photographer as the man who photographs a shilling in a box by means of Röntgen's rays. The only difference is that the sheet will not retain the image and the photographic plate will. The Röntgen rays stream out in a straight path from (it is supposed) a certain point on the bulb. They are allowed to play on a sensitive plate placed in their path, and have the usual result of turning it black when developed. Certain objects placed in their path are transparent, just as glass is to light, and these do not intercept them; others intercept them more or less according to their density and their thickness; some, like the metals, are quite opaque. It is easily seen that metals, therefore, would throw a strong shadow in the form of a white patch on the plate. Semi-transparent substances would throw a partial shadow, or penumbra, and so on. When a print is taken from the plate the tones are, of course,



Living frog through sheet of aluminium. Exposure twenty minutes.

SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

reversed, and the shadows show black. The accompanying print of four coins inside a leather purse, from a negative taken by Mr. Campbell Swinton, illustrates the whole series. A double thickness of the leather is to all intents transparent. Four thicknesses (round the fold) are semi-transparent. The metal button and the coins are opaque. That is a shadow photograph, or "scio-graph" as certain learned people have christened it. A pencil half projecting from a metal sheath shows in the same way rather like an amber-tipped mouth-piece, the wood being almost transparent with a line up the middle of it for the lead, and the sheath opaque.

The exact nature and origin of Herr Röntgen's rays is a matter whereon the professors are still considerably divided, and even that gentleman himself does not venture to give a very definite opinion. They are not kathode rays, for in addition to the points of difference already mentioned, they will not be deflected by a magnet, and kathode rays will. Neither are they what are ordinarily called light rays, for they are not refracted by water, or reflected from surfaces, except in an irregular way; a prism or a lens has no more power to divert them than a magnet, and their straightforward method of penetration is unusual with light rays. Yet many capable judges have tried to assign them to the invisible rays at one or other end of the spectrum, chiefly, I believe, on account of their photographic properties. The short rays at the violet end of the spectrum are what are chiefly known as the photographic rays, and as these extend to an enormous distance it might be that far up towards the end are rays so short that they will not stop at obstacles, and will not submit to refraction. Indeed, such rays have been theoretically conjectured. Below the red end of the spectrum, again, are mysterious heat rays which can also be photographically recorded. In fact, it is stated that Captain Abney was once able to photograph a boiling kettle in a dark room by means of its own radiations. But it is not here in all probability that the x rays lie. Some people judge them to be of the nature of sound waves, which, however, are distinctly capable of reflection. One learned Professor believes that the kathode rays inside the tube break the parti-

cles of air up into such fine dust that they are driven through the glass and through many kinds of intercepting bodies. Professor Röntgen himself thinks that the rays may be longitudinal waves set up in the luminiferous ether itself, just as light is the phenomenon due to transverse waves; but this is dangerous ground for outsiders, and we had better leave it. It remains to discuss the direction in which the new photography is likely to be of practical use. Surgery, of course, suggested itself to everyone at once, and experience seems to confirm the suggestion. A very clear print of a human hand, taken



Living hand through black vulcanised fibre. Exposure four minutes.

SHADOWGRAM BY MR. CAMPBELL SWINTON

by Mr. Swinton, was pronounced by the first medical man who saw it to be typical of gout. Professor Mosetig, of Vienna, has obtained an excellent photograph showing the injuries done by a pistol bullet to the bones of a hand, and locating the bullet. Dr. Lannelongue, of Paris, has photographed a diseased thigh-bone, in which the diseased patches are said to be clearly marked. He has also shown very clearly the effects of tuberculosis on a child's hand. Bullets, pieces of glass, and other foreign substances have been located in the body by many experimenters, and every day, almost, brings in some new instance of the kind, until soon we shall cease to see

anything unusual or sensational in the matter. To quote the words of Herr Ebers, one of the demonstrators at the Government Institution of Photography at Vienna, to an interviewer: "The time will soon come when a badly injured subject will be brought into the accident ward of a hospital, where the surgeons, after rendering urgent aid, will instantaneously photograph the wounded members and then decide upon the course of future treatment." Probing bullet-wounds will become a thing of the past. Fractures or splintered bones will tell their own tale direct, and even

disease will in some cases be detected. All these things we may expect to see, and many will bless the name of Röntgen. But he, good man, will have greater work in hand than the mere photographing of broken bones, or pennies in a money-box. The new photography will remain for him a source of confirmation merely in regard to the new form of energy, and might perhaps be forgotten altogether, were it not for the Order of the Crown which a grateful Emperor presented to him in return for an hour's entertainment.





THE HAMOAZE FROM MOUNT EDGCUMBE
From a photograph by Heath

Plymouth.

BY STANHOPE SPRIGG

SOME day, when the rage for continental travel has, to some extent, died down, it will be considered as necessary to know the great centres of provincial interest as it is now deemed an indispensable part of a man's polite education to affect a close acquaintance with the thoroughfares of London. Then the importance of a town like Plymouth will be adequately realised. At present the great majority of people seem to have but a vague idea of the size, the character, the importance of the West country metropolis. They usually speak of it as a pleasant centre for pleasant excursions. Sometimes, however—and here the actual hurt comes in—they treasure views of its principal attractions. These frequently remind the pious Plymouthian of the gorgeously coloured frontispieces of German-made children's toy books, and in a night, as it were, he understands how much

Plymouth must unwittingly suffer from popular ignorance.

Happily, there is at least one well-known historian who always lashes himself into a fury when he falls to speaking of the great neglect of the younger generation in not visiting the principal places in their own country. Maybe, Dr. Johnson had something of the same kind of truth in mind when he denounced "patriotism as the last refuge of the scoundrel." For the patriotism of a man who talks about fighting and dying for a fatherland he knows less about than any ordinary commercial traveller, is but a poor, hollow, insincere thing.

Somehow it has always seemed to me that there is no place outside London that presents so many contrasts in individuals and occupations as do the Three Towns. Unfortunately, the visitors who devote to Plymouth and Stonehouse

and Devonport one day out of the precious fourteen of their annual vacation must always be blind to these points. One wants to linger at Plymouth to do it justice; to get saturated, as it were, with its essential atmosphere—to make your eyes friends with the strange beauties that start out on you from a hundred points before you set to work to assay the absolute and inherent individuality of the places just round about you. For every town in the country has its own strongly-marked individuality, visible to all who care to look for it. And in Plymouth you meet a distinct people who have united to the large-eyed, great-hearted Devonian character some active elements of the fiery, insistent, rough-hewn Cornish temperament; all of which it seems to me has proved a good, and not a bad, thing, so far as it makes for the essential spirit of the port of Plymouth.

Few towns, however, are glorious to the newly-arrived traveller; and I honestly believe it would be difficult to find a more depressing point to detrain at than Millbay Station, which is the principal railway terminus in Plymouth. It is probable the visitor has been studying the guide book before his arrival. The assurance that "Plymouth is situated at the head of Plymouth Sound, formed by the rivers Plym and Tamar at their confluence with the sea—that it is a town standing on the eastern side of a peninsula enclosed below these two great rivers"—all this has prepared his mind for a gorgeous and immediate panorama of sky and sea. The run through Dawlish onward has only strengthened his hopes and fancies of the greater glories that await him, so that when he descends at a dirty, ill-lighted, squalid-looking terminus, and Millbay is all that, his heart sinks within him. Only the backs of second-rate houses form his prospect, and it is some time before he gets over his sense of disillusion. Luckily, it is one of the ambitions of the higher Plymouthians to stir the Great Western Railway to a sense of its full responsibilities in this direction. Only railway companies are, at their best, slow, lethargic reformers. They are often, at their highest, mere dividend-earning creatures, and sometimes I tremble for their state of grace on this great question—albeit £70,000 has been voted by

the directors for this beneficent purpose, and the work of improvement at Millbay has already begun.

Let the stranger, however, once reach The Hoe, and his disappointment will vanish, as if by magic. On ascending a gently rising hill, not many yards from the Station, he will enter a great open space on the verge of which he will come suddenly upon a prospect of sea and woodland beauties that has no equal in fact or in fiction. Indeed, I often wonder why Plymouth people do not do the same as guides on Westmorland Scars, and bandage the eyes of a visitor at the foot of the hill so that he will get no suspicion of the wonderful view that awaits him until he can see it all in a flash. Stretched at his feet he will find a magnificent bay with numberless white-sailed yachts riding at anchor, and big liners often passing restlessly to and fro. To his left he will see the grim fortress now used as a barracks and known as The Citadel (that was built in the year 1670, in the time of Charles II.), with green cliffs and forts stretching out beyond. Alas! even the Citadel has undergone improvements! I only hope the War Office has been as merciful as it is powerful. To his right he will notice and maybe covet the beautifully-wooded estate of Earl Mount Edgcumbe, upon which, so legend tells us, the haughty commander of the Spanish Armada set his heart, and determined to possess as his part of the spoil of this rich land, when England was conquered—only England never was.

Far out at sea he will distinguish the famous Breakwater with forts at either end, while close at hand—perchance he stands at the base—he may gaze with reverence upon the original Eddystone Lighthouse, which is simply preserved on The Hoe as a monument of Smeaton's genius. Every school-boy, too, knows that Plymouth is the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake; and here, too, may be found the statue that was erected to him and inferentially to other gallant British seamen. The Armada celebrations a few years ago also resulted in a memorial, and this is placed near the spot where Drake was engaged in the historic game of bowls he would not leave until he had finished, albeit he was told that at last the great Armada had been sighted off our coast. In vain Captain Fleming assured him



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE
From a photograph by Heath

that his men "had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's Isle." Drake would have the game played out, holding that there was time enough to do this most obvious duty first and then beat the Spaniards. And so it proved.

Wonderfully rich in domestic memo-

ries and historical associations is this same Plymouth Hoe with its undulating stretches of green turf and curiously wide walks. Poems have been written in its honour. For hundreds of years our popular songs have enshrined its name and its glories. Over the heads

of countless millions its magic and romance have stolen. Who then shall set a bound to its influence and its attractions? In my own profane moments I would wager that every inch

pictures of natural beauties. For instance, the elegant trifler will observe that the Plymouth innkeepers have a good eye to business and to what constitutes the town's chief attraction, for



MR. J. L. BOND
MAYOR OF PLYMOUTH



SIR ALGERNON LYONS
PORT ADMIRAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

From photographs by Heath

of its ground is hallowed by the lightly spoken vows of lovers. I am certain that the part it plays in the childhood, manhood and old age of every good Plymouthian is fit material for an epic thousands of lines in length!

around The Hoe they have built all their great hotels. The boarding-house keepers, too, have appreciated its popularity, for they have crowded their businesses close at its gates, while all the old chroniclers remind us: "Visitors to



THE VICTUALLING YARD
From a photograph by Heath

Besides, there is something tangible, something that the common mind can easily appreciate, about The Hoe. There are "facts" for those Gradgrinds who do not care about "essential spirit," or "atmosphere," or crudely limned word

The Hoe will readily observe that the port and harbour of Plymouth itself is remarkable for its great extent and capacity, and the security it affords in its different parts. It is capable indeed of containing about 2,000 sail of shipping,

and is altogether one of the finest harbours in the world, consisting as it does of several divisions. Sutton Pool is one of these divisions, and is that which immediately adjoins the town, being almost encircled by buildings. Cattewater Harbour is another, and an extensive sheet of water formed by the estuary of the Plym. The harbour or bay of Hamoaze, the third, is a magnificent basin at the mouth of the Tamar, while at the mouth of these various divisions the great bay of Plymouth Sound forms an excellent roadstead which has been rendered safe by the construction of the Breakwater across its entrance."

It is on account of the fine harbour accommodation Plymouth affords that the Mail question there has assumed so burning and acute a phase. The town, under the inspiration of the Town Council and Chamber of Commerce, is eager to secure the best favours of the Post Office, particularly in respect to the receipt and despatch of the American and the South African Mails. Hence successive Post-



THE ARMADA MEMORIAL
From a photograph by Heath



THE DRAKE STATUE
From a photograph by Heath

master-Generals have had to listen with all the meekness they could command to the rival orators of Southampton and Plymouth Corporations, setting forth at great length, and with the aid of some most formidable arrays of figures, the comparative advantages of the two ports so far as affects the latest hours of posting and the earliest receipt of mails in London and the big northern towns. Indeed, every change of Government has been the signal for fresh local activities on this matter, but up to the present I regret to chronicle the results have only resembled a genteel compromise. And this, in spite of the fact that the Chambers of Commerce from London, Leeds, Manchester, Bradford, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Cape Town have been dragged into the quarrel!



THE CITADEL GATE
From a photograph by Heath



THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGUMBE



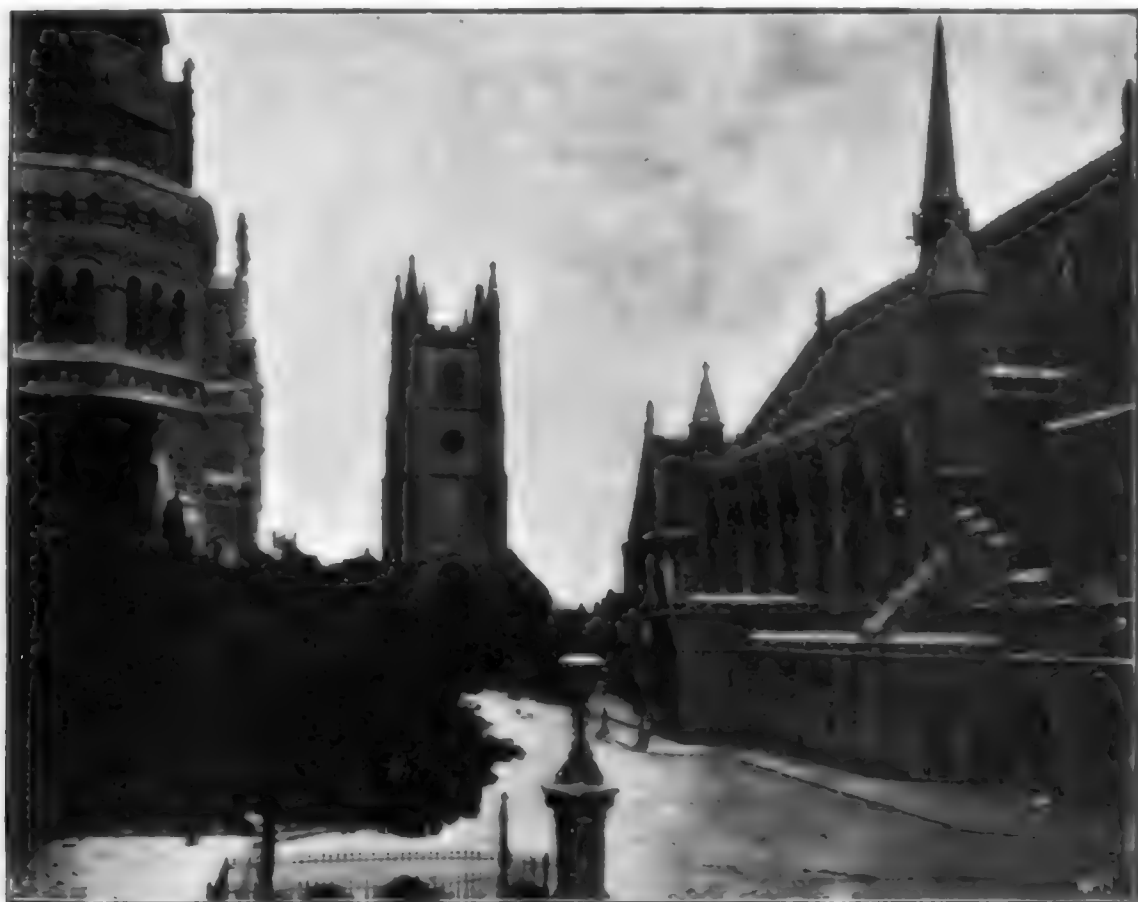
THE EARL OF MORLEY

From photographs by Heath

Sometime, perhaps, some learned Devonian will come forward and reveal the true inwardness of this dispute, and prove the antiquity of these two ports' rivalries by a reference that will astound the "common dim populations." Maybe, he will go back to the time when the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from our inhospitable shores. That event was commemorated a few years ago in Plymouth, when hundreds of Americans, descend-

families, persisted in prosecuting that fateful voyage and in due course touched at Plymouth, where they found the Devonians both good and kind. The consequence was that when they landed on the barren coast of Massachusetts they gave the name of Plymouth to the point they first touched.

That Plymouth is the home of many prominent naval and military officers is a fact that will probably be known



GUILDHALL AND ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH
From a photograph by Heath

ants of the original Pilgrim Fathers who journeyed in *The Mayflower*—alleged and authentic—proceeded to the Barbican, the old quay at Plymouth, and held many meetings and aroused great local enthusiasm. I am sure it was then always a sore point with the people of the Three Towns that the original expedition of the Pilgrim Fathers started from Southampton in two small vessels, and not from the Port of Plymouth itself. Luckily or unluckily—just as you happen to sympathise with Plymouth or Southampton—one of these two vessels soon put back and only its companion, *The Mayflower*, a barque of 180 tons, with forty-one emigrants and their

to all who have ever had any association with the two sister services—and who has not? Curiously enough there is no class that settles in a town that makes a place conform more rigidly to its ideals than does the military man when he is retired from active duties, and Plymouth is no exception to this, but has suffered—and improved. I am conscious, too, that much can be said about many other points of interest in Plymouth itself. There is the old parish church of St. Andrew, for instance; the Marine Biological Museum which promotes researches into the habits and life conditions of British sea fishes, with a view both of extending





THE LUDGATE
Fortification, Newport



THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS AT DEVONPORT
From a photograph by H. J. H. H.

scientific knowledge and of gaining information which will be of value in the management of national sea fisheries; and there is Charles Church, the second oldest church in the town, which was named after Charles I., in whose reign its erection was begun, and which was at one time called Charles the Martyr Church on that account.

Again, Plymouth has only recently made a determined and, in a sense, a desperate attempt to enlarge her borders.

was a very active journalistic centre, and until the death of one well-known editor occurred there was—so far as directly concerns Plymouth—a never-ending ebb and flow of journalists from all parts of the universe. Now the times are changed in Plymouth journalism and happily in more respects than one. The public, for example, are no longer startled by cheap sensational reports of fishermen's boats being sent to the bottom of the Sound during careless



MR. C. HARRISON, M.P.
From a photograph by Hawke



SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.
From a photograph by Heath

Under the pleasant but delusive phrase of a "Greater Plymouth," and a plea for more effective sanitation, she has sprung on the Local Government Board a scheme of amalgamation between the borough and an extensive portion of its suburbs. Luckily Stonehouse has escaped annexation, but Compton Gifford, Laira, Egg Buckland and Penny-cross have fallen under the borough domination, and "one local authority," says a civic wiseacre, "will reign where three or four now cause confusion."

But are not all these facts set forth in the guide books of the period? They are in truth, for at one time Plymouth

practice with the big guns attached to the forts! Maybe Plymouth is now approaching that ideal state when it will bring forth its own novelist, somebody precious and individual who will arise and immortalise for all time the poetry, the history and the romance of the old port. Nothing, I am persuaded, could touch the great heart of the English speaking people like a story with such a tremendous theme as this. For already a part of the theme, either consciously or unconsciously, lies buried in the heart of most of my fellow countrymen and needs but a word to quicken it into life.

On Furnishing a Drawing-Room.

BY C. F. FRERE.

—◆◆◆—
*"His Mansion was the pink of taste and art,
His charming pictures!—oh, how they delighted you!
In his saloon Egyptian monsters frightened you:
And paged, on his staircase, made you start.
Nothing surpass'd his carpets and his draperies,
His clocks, chairs, tables, sofas, ottomans;—
His rooms were crowded with Etruscan apories,
Fine noseless busts, and Roman pots and pans."*—COLMAN.

*"No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
Though none more common, than to give advice."*—STILLINGFLEET.

EVERYONE, perhaps, cannot emulate Colman's virtuoso—even if they wished to—and Stillingfleet's remarks make one somewhat diffident of proffering advice; but perhaps a few notes, the outcome of experience, may be leniently allowed as suggestions from which to work out ideas.

The conditions of furnishing a room vary, it must be remembered, with the locality and aspect of the house, the social position and purse of the owner, as well as with his individual taste. In London, for instance, you cannot exaggerate the importance of light and demonstrative cleanliness—at the seaside you seek refuge indoors from glare and heat. Then again, how different are the materials at the command of him who has many and old possessions, and of those who start in the world with few things and new. Who then, in ignorance of such particulars, shall advise what to have, or what to avoid? The best of every "style" in furniture has its beauty and *raison d'être*. But, however different the circumstances to be considered, or the material at hand, there are a few broad principles to guide us; and principles have always this advantage over rules, that they exercise one's individual judgment, and are elastic enough to give scope to individual taste, and to be adapted to varying conditions.

Let me state some of these principles briefly, not as they affect the decoration of palatial reception rooms, but as they help in the making of the drawing-room as usually understood, the chief

living sitting-room of the family—the "hearthstone" and centre of the home. It will be peoples' own fault I think, if they have dull or ugly rooms, in these days of revived knowledge and beautiful production. The chief snare in furnishing a modern drawing-room probably lies in the way of overcrowding, and of being attracted by passing prettiness of novel ideas and new shapes, irrespective of whether or not, three months hence, you, or anyone else, will care for the flimsy prettiness of scamped work. In choosing furniture then for a drawing-room, consider first what you will have to bring into harmony to complete the room. This will include: Ceilings; Walls and their decoration, such as wall-papers, pictures, and mirrors; Floors, and their coverings of carpets, or finished with parquet, staining, or paint; Woodwork, including doors; Fireplaces; Chairs, sofas, and other seats; Tables, piano, cabinets, bookshelves, &c. Lastly Curtains and blinds. The aspect of the room and the direction and amount of light available from windows by day have also to be considered, and that from lamps, or other lights which are to take their place when the shutters are closed against the gathering dusk.

Volumes might be written on each, but suffice it now to say: Make first a plan in your mind of what you aim at as an harmonious general effect, and don't try to make everything equally important. Take stock of your best possessions, and "work up" to them. In choosing new materials for furniture coverings, draperies, carpets, and table-cloths,

cherish simplicity. In these days, when every square inch of walls, of ceiling, and of floor is be-patterned, and there is no rest for the eye anywhere, there is a



real value in reticence ; and severity and simplicity are better faults than florid decoration. Walls, curtains, and furniture are, after all, backgrounds for human beings. You will find it a good plan in order to give breadth of effect and repose, when you have a carpet of elaborate design to have self-coloured curtains — or if you possess richly patterned curtains to choose a flat-coloured, undemonstrative carpet and plain walls. The questions of colouring, and of pattern, would each fill a chapter of itself; but, speaking generally, you should not clothe a cold north room in blue, nor a room which gets all the summer

sun with red ; and you must avoid for bedrooms any pattern which “makes faces” ; advice which has often been given and as often ignored. Avoid frippery, cheap Japanese fans, and passing fashions generally. Remember that ornament as ornament, apart from decorative construction, is almost always superfluous. Appropriateness may be bracketted as a merit with simplicity. Do not choose furniture any more than you would choose a dress, merely because it is pretty, and irrespective of its destination and future surroundings. Have a mixture if you like — some of the prettiest rooms are mixtures—but do not have incongruity, or it will give the effect of a lady with powdered hair and patches, in a sailor hat ! If you keep to a simple foundation of self-coloured material and walls, everything ornamental will fit in, and show to greater advantage. Recollect that small rooms will not look bigger for having diminutive furniture, indeed, the reverse is the case. You may not, and probably will not, when furnishing a room have to buy everything new. Almost everyone has something brought from an old home ; and it is just as well this should be so, even though the pieces of furniture may not be what one would oneself select. There is a positive advantage sometimes in limitation. Nor should the charm of association be forgotten as a necessity of home life, and things of different dates take off



from the "hotel look" (which a new modern drawing-room should so carefully avoid), given by everything being of the same year, all equally handsome, all in first-rate order, no little bareness at the door, where the feet of many friends have passed, no worn places on the arms of the master's favourite chair.

Next comes the arrangement of the furniture in the room. Consider first the best positions for the principal pieces: A good light for the writing-table; safe positions for lamps where they will be most wanted for reading, and distribute the light equally about the room; Where the tea-table shall be placed when wanted—

this must be central, or at all events, get-at-able; Space for the sofa—which should be a really comfortable broad one with several cushions, and placed with head or back to the window, with a steady table, or other support by it for lamp or candle, coffee-cup, or book; Where the piano shall stand in the position best for sound—at the same time do not have a piano at all if music is to you only "a noise which you dislike less than most;" Ensure

space for comfortable armchairs of different sizes, avoiding basket-work, which creaks; Group chairs, two or three together, or by the sofa, so that people sitting on them are within easy speaking distance of each other, and include among them several strong, upright ones, and your elderly, stiff-jointed friends will be grateful; For the sake of health and cleanliness, especially if you have not many servants, beware how you multiply draperies and hangings, especially such as are not wanted for other than so-called decorative purposes. If you have good pictures, make the most of them; if not, do not buy inferior ones or copies, rather divide your wall into panels with beading, and paper the panels with some of the really excellent modern brocade designs—the handsome effect of which would make an appropriate background for mirrors, or ormolu sconces.



Or Anaglypta might be employed, a beautiful embossed material, resembling Spanish leather. This can be painted plain, or with transparent colours over metal (the latter having the jewelled effect of enamels), and, as it is decorated by hand, can be made to any colouring required. But being so rich a material it should be used with judgment. If inexpensive pictures are wanted it is always easy to get good large photographs or autotypes of such as Moroni's *Tailor*, or Gainsborough's *Mrs. Siddons* in the National Gallery, or Rembrandt's *Madame Bas* in the Rix Museum, Amsterdam. If you have many pictures

they will be twice as effective if the different kinds—oil, water-colour, prints, &c.—are each arranged separately, in separate rooms, if possible; a room, otherwise well arranged, is spoilt by a potpourri of sketches, prints, and photographs of different merit and "values," scattered at random over its walls, without connection or plan. Very small pictures or miniatures sometimes look better if grouped together, in dainty frames, on a board covered with brocade or velvet, and also framed.

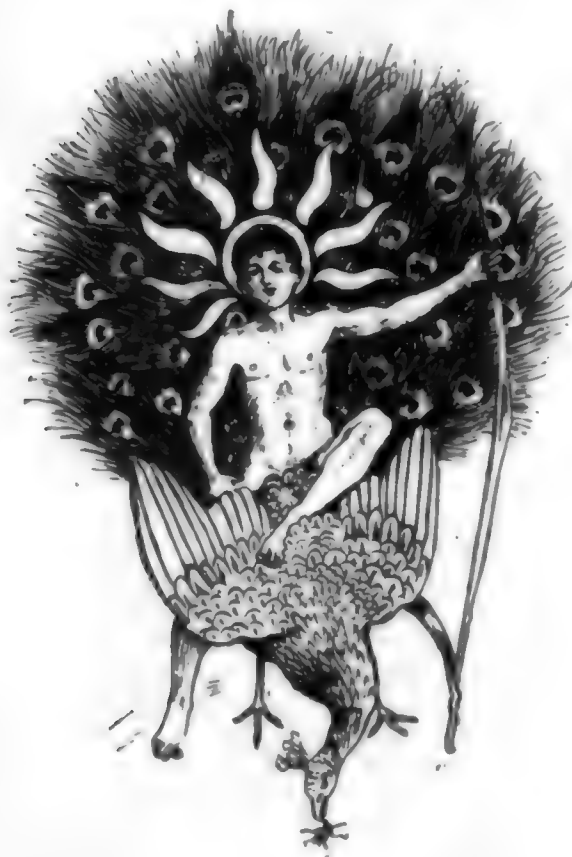
In arranging chairs and tables leave space to circulate—do not let your friends have to grope their way in a dimly-lighted room, with the chance of falling over "little silver-tables." There is a great attraction in the almost bare look of rooms of our great-grandmothers' days, but, of course, where there is more space to see it, you require better furniture. It has been well said by a great authority on the matter that in arranging furniture you "should work from the corners"—get those right, and the rest will follow.

Nothing makes a room so homelike as its books, their mere presence suggests culture and leisure, and for that reason gives pleasure. What is more decorative than the tone of the leather and gold of old bindings, or the brighter coverings of modern novels. I have seen large volumes, such as bound

copies of *Black and White*, housed below a window, the cushioned shelf above them wide enough to form a seat, with a short flounce which helped to protect the books from the dust. Without books you must always feel as if you were in an hotel—my *bête noir* for a drawing-room. One of the most attractive drawing-rooms I know in London, is almost clothed with books, in a house the stairs of which have been trodden by Byron and by Scott. Remember finally, for your encouragement, that a really homelike drawing-room is not

made in a day—it takes time to complete, and for things to settle into their appropriate places.

After all, rules for furnishing can never supply the want of a real love of furniture, a genuine enthusiasm such as that of the mundane old cottager, a devotee in her way to the gentle art of furnishing, who, when told she was not likely to recover, was not to be consoled by thoughts of heaven. "I don't want to go away," she sobbed. "I don't want to go and leave my kitchen table and my chimbley ornaments!"



"Art is Long."

THE confession "*Ars longa, vita brevis est*," must have fallen first of all from the lips of an artist, for it is what every man who knows what art is finds by his own experience—not altogether to be called sad—to be the fact. It will be remembered that the late Lord Leighton, when asked by the *Ludgate*, a few weeks before his death, to state which of his pictures was his own particular favourite, declined, albeit with the pleasant courtesy of which he had the

Hi.
Every picture paints
begin in hope & ends
in disappointment
Yours faithfully
Henry James

secret, to say anything upon the subject. The letter which we are enabled to reproduce on this page by the kindness of Mr. Robert M. Sillard, of Dublin, to whom it was addressed, is perhaps as good an answer as artist could give to such a question, and so forms a fitting postscript to the articles which appeared in the January and February numbers of the *Ludgate*. Indeed, the utterance is memorable enough to be remembered for all time along with the famous utterances of other great painters: the "With brains, sir!" of Opie: the "It lacks—*that*!" of the great Sir Joshua.

Grimsby's Moose.

WRITTEN BY J. AUBREY TYSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. WOLLEN AND F. FELLER.

IT hangs before me on the wall, and as I raise my eyes to contemplate again the great mule-like head ere I begin to write, it looks down upon me with its unalterable expression of sullen meditation. It is the head of a Canadian moose. For fifteen years it has hung where it hangs to-night, and its unnatural size has excited alike the wonder of all who have seen it and the incredulity of those who have learned of its existence only by report.

Fifteen years! It surely does not seem so long ago since I witnessed that magnificent death struggle in the snow. And yet it is so, for I well remember it was in 1880 that my wealthy client, Robert Garston, dying intestate, bequeathed his fortune to his elder brother Richard—"Old Dick" they called him in the country round about Lake Caribou—and the old man being a little erratic in his thoughts and mode of life, positively refused to come to New York for the purpose of consulting with me on certain matters appertaining to the conduct of the estate, and thereby made it necessary for me to go to him. He lived with his grand-daughter on the shore of Lake Caribou, in the northern part of the Province of Quebec, and it was towards the close of a bitterly cold November that I found myself his guest.

My business with the old man was soon completed, but having learned that I was now in the very heart of the moose country, the idea occurred to me to telegraph to my friend, George Grimsby, requesting him to join me and spend a few days on the trail of the king-beast of the North American forests.

I had been practising law for about three years when Grimsby came to New York as the American representative of the Vesuvius Insurance Company of London. I first met him professionally, but it was not long before our business

relations ripened into friendship. Grimsby was about thirty years of age—a hearty, whole-souled sort of chap, an ardent sportsman and an enthusiast on the subject of shooting; but, although an accomplished wing shot, he was almost wholly without practice in the use of the rifle. My experiences with the gun were considerably more limited than Grimsby's, for a week of duck-shooting on Chesapeake Bay, and a fortnight after grouse on a South Dakota prairie were really about all I could boast. I had, however, long cherished a desire to test my skill in the pursuit of large game, and when, one day, I spoke of this to Grimsby he had suggested that as soon as we could make it practicable, we should go together to the Florida Everglades or the North Western States in search of it. When, therefore, I came to learn that moose were plentiful about Lake Caribou, I at once resolved to take advantage of the opportunity I had so long desired.

When I acquainted my host with my intention, the old man, much to my surprise, manifested the most unaccountable symptoms of alarm, and immediately attempted to dissuade me from my purpose. His grand-daughter, a young girl of about seventeen years, added her protests to those of the old man, and the apparent earnestness of their expressions of remonstrance awoke within me the liveliest sensations of curiosity and amazement.

They first directed my attention to the fact that owing to the recent heavy falls of snow, the ground over which we would have to pass could only be traversed with the aid of snow-shoes, for in many places among the hills the great drifts had attained a depth of five or seven feet. They assured me that this mode of locomotion was, to a novice, exceedingly laborious, and, on a moose



"ATTEMPTED TO DISSUADE ME FROM MY PURPOSE"

hunt, fraught with considerable danger. I met this objection with the assertion that my friend had spent two winters in Norway, where he had become an adept in the use of snow-shoes, and that I was perfectly confident of my ability to master the art in the course of two or three days practice. The old man, however, had other arguments to advance against the practicability of the excursion, until at length, slightly irritated, and greatly marvelling at his persistency, I turned towards him impatiently.

"The obstacles you suggest, sir, do not seem sufficiently formidable to warrant the abandonment of the trip. But I perceive that you have some ulterior reason for not wishing me to go. May I ask you to humour my curiosity by naming it?"

The old man and girl exchanged significant glances, and for several moments Garston hesitated.

"Yes," he replied, eyeing me quizzically. "Yes, there is another reason; but there is little use in telling it to you, for you will only laugh at it and call it a mere backwoods superstition, as I have heard some wise city folk do before. Then off you'll go for moose. You'll find them, too—oh, yes! fine big fellows right over yonder in the woods among the hills, a score of them maybe."

"You are sure of this?" I asked, a little eagerly.

"Oh, yes," returned the old man drily, "they are there. Three days ago Sam Rankin, the likeliest hunter these parts have ever known, came suddenly upon a moose-yard while he was out among the hills. The animals were in easy range, and Sam's favourite rifle was strapped across his back; but instead of firing at the beasts he stole away as quietly as he could, and spent the remainder of the day travelling from cabin to cabin telling folks what he had seen."

"Well?" I queried.

"Well, for another fortnight moose-hunting round Lake Caribou is at a standstill—that's all. If you and your snow-shoeing friend from Norway go out now for moose you will have to go alone, for neither love nor money will find you guides. Call us fools if you like. There's an old saying that fools rush in where angels fear to tread; but the fools around Lake Caribou have learned just enough wisdom to keep them from firing into the 'devil's herd.'"

"The devil's herd!" I exclaimed.

"Ay, the devil's own—great, fine fellows, as I said before. A seven-foot line wouldn't reach from tip to tip of their great antlers. The ordinary moose is not a pretty animal at best, and he has a temper, too; but those that form the devil's herd would rather fight than eat, and the crack of a rifle is all the invitation they require to bring them right along your way. You'll never hit them either, and when your ball flies wide of its mark and one of those great shaggy beasts settles to your trail, you'll stand just about as good a chance of leaving it behind as you would have of out-running a Grand Trunk limited express. Once a year the herd comes down from Labrador, and spends a fortnight over yonder in the woods. At such times we give them all the room they want to wander in; but occasionally a stranger—some city man with superior ideas—takes the notion to stalk them. Then we have a funeral, and superior ideas go begging for awhile. Ah, you laugh, I see. Well, have your way; telegraph to your snow-shoeing friend. I'll put you both up until you are ready to start, and then—well, we have a Catholic priest and a Church of England missionary handy, so you can take your pick of burial services."

I telegraphed to Grimsby, who replied that he would come at once, and while waiting for him to join me I applied myself assiduously to snow-shoe practice. Three days later Grimsby arrived at Lake Caribou with two newly-purchased rifles, a pair of hunting knives, and an ample supply of ammunition. At a neighbouring village we provided ourselves with woodmen's costumes, and the necessary snow-shoes, but, as had been foretold by Garston, all our efforts to procure the services of a guide proved unavailing. A day sufficed for our preparations, and having been informed of the probable whereabouts of the formidable herd, one clear, crisp November morning we set forth on our expedition.

As we sped onward over the white surface of the snow, the chill north wind caught our breath as it issued from our lips, and, transmitting it into ice, welded it to the scarves which enswathed our faces below the eyes. At first my snow-shoes gave me some trouble, but after a while I got them well under my control,

and had little difficulty in maintaining the pace set by Grimsby.

We had been told to look for tracks near the head of the lake, about six miles distant from Garston's dwelling. Arriving here, we searched for nearly half-an-hour, but without success. We then made our way about three miles further on, until we came at length to a place where the snow had apparently been recently disturbed. Owing to a light fall a few days before we were unable to distinguish any hoof-marks; but the great furrows leading into the woods were such as could only have been made by the passage of several powerful beasts. With quickened pulses we at once proceeded to follow them.

The snow here lay about three feet in depth on the level, and as we skimmed over its surface we could not but marvel at the prodigious strength of the great animals which had ploughed the enormous furrows along which we made our way. In his excitement, Grimsby, who was my superior in strength of limb and in the management of snow-shoes, forged rapidly ahead at a pace that I found it impossible to emulate. I was on the point of calling to him to moderate his zeal and allow me to catch up with him, when I saw him pause abruptly and crouch down behind a tree. A few moments later he rose and beckoned me to his side, and upon arriving at the spot where he awaited me, I saw a sight that filled me with astonishment.

Directly before us was a small clearing in the forest, and it needed only a single glance to assure us of the immediate proximity of our game. The snow, tossed about and trodden down, was discoloured with the soil and decaying forest-leaves. Freshly-broken twigs and pieces of bark were thickly strewn about and beaten into the chaotic mass before us, whilst the surrounding trees testified, by their partially denuded trunks, to the awful power of the great antlers which had been whetted against their sides. But what amazed us most was the impression left by one of the recumbent animals in the snow. As is well-known, the body of a moose is, at the first glance, more deceptive as regards size than that of any other animal. Thus, in proportion to its height, it is comparatively short; but owing to the length and powerful development of its limbs, a moose has the appearance of being much larger than it

really is. It was apparent, however, that the animal which had lately lain in the spot near which we stood possessed a body almost as large as a heavy dray-horse; and when we reflected upon the probable dimensions of this great woodland monarch as he stood upright on all fours, it is small wonder that our hearts beat faster, and that Grimsby and I regarded each other in mute astonishment. I will frankly confess that I wished that that particular moose had been a little smaller. How Grimsby felt just then I never learned, but he spoke boldly enough.

"Let's follow it up," he said.

We crossed the clearing cautiously, and followed the new tracks into the timber. The undergrowth was rather thick in this part of the woods, and where the tops of the bushes rose above the surface of the snow we had to make our way with the greatest possible care, lest the creaking of a twig should warn the game of our approach.

We had just ascended a little knoll when Grimsby, who was a few paces in advance, stooped, and with a quick gesture bade me pause. Creeping stealthily to his side I looked about me, but observing nothing, I asked him in a whisper what he had seen. He evinced great excitement, and without vouchsafing me an answer to my question, continued to gaze intently in the direction of a clump of trees on our left. For several moments we eagerly scanned the spot which had challenged Grimsby's attention, but at first we saw nothing to indicate the presence of the animals we sought.

At length, however, a movement among the bushes caught our eyes, and immediately afterwards three moose of ordinary size issued in single file from among the trees. They were walking slowly, and making their way directly towards us.

"Take the first," said Grimsby.

A moment later we fired simultaneously, and the second animal, after a wild plunge forward, fell to the ground. Grimsby's shot had carried true; mine was less successful. I had fired at the first animal, aiming between its eyes. I must have missed it altogether, for it turned immediately, and was making off when Grimsby brought it down with a shot behind the shoulder.

"Bravo!" I cried, and was starting



"THREE MOOSE IN SINGLE FILE"

impulsively forward when Grimsby caught me by the arm.

"Look, Stockton, look! Oh, my God!"

Startled by the awed accents of the exclamation, I glanced hastily at the face of my companion. It was as grey as ashes, and as I looked I saw the light of desperation in his eyes.

"Fire, Stockton—quick!"

As his rifle cracked I turned to mark the cause of his alarm. A moment later I too had come under its spell.

About fifty yards distant on our right, standing erect and motionless with his great antlered head high in air, and a wild, unbridled fury blazing in its eyes, was an enormous moose. Each exhalation of his mighty lungs, filling the frosty air about him with his steaming breath, seemed like an outpour of smoke from the lately kindled furnace of his anger. The long upper lip was straightened outward, and the gnashing of his teeth sounded like the ominous and deadly rattle of a rattlesnake.

Crack! crack! crack! went Grimsby's rifle, but mine was silent. Overcome with a paralysing sensation of awe, inspired by the great brute before me, I remained inactive.

"Shoot, fool—it's your only chance," cried Grimsby desperately.

With trembling hands I raised the stock of the rifle to my shoulder. My pulses throbbed with an unrestrainable excitement, and a haze obscured my vision. I took aim between the monster's flashing eyes and fired. The great beast pawed the ground for a few moments, then lowering his magnificent head, he charged.

Flinging down my rifle, I bade Grimsby fly. He did not hesitate, and side by side, we fled over the glistening crust in the direction of the lake.

"Make for the drifts!" cried Grimsby. We both remembered a deep drift at the foot of a neighbouring hill, and towards it we ran as fast as what skill and strength we had permitted us to do. Once, getting my snow-shoe entangled in some brushwood that rose to the level of the snow, I fell forward on my face. My exclamation of despair caused Grimsby to turn round, and upon perceiving the nature of my accident, he quickly retraced his steps and aided me to rise. As I looked behind me, I saw the enraged animal plunging vigorously through a deep drift over which we had passed only a few moments before. It

was evident that had it not been for the strong crust which overlaid the snow, our antlered foe would even then have been upon us. Again concentrating our energies on our struggle for life, we sped swiftly towards a neighbouring hill-top. Immediately beyond this lay the great drift to which we looked as our only means of escape. Three minutes later, we gained the top of the hill and, glancing over our shoulders, we saw the moose less than forty yards behind us. A few moments later, we arrived at the edge of a ledge and saw the drift, full twenty feet below. For a second only did we hesitate, then, with one accord, we took the leap.

Once again my lack of familiarity with the use of snow-shoes well nigh cost me my life. As I jumped, one of my shoes caught in something on the margin of the ledge and I stumbled, head first, over the rocky wall, my shoulder striking a large stone immediately beneath the surface of the drift. Despite the pain and shock resulting from the bruise, I managed to struggle to my feet; but even as I did so, I was stricken down again by a powerful blow which fell upon my injured shoulder. As I sank back in the snow, the branching antlers of the great moose rose menacingly before me, and the steaming breath that issued from his nostrils filled my own, for it was the animal's powerful forefoot that had beaten me down. His fiery gaze was now rivetted upon me, and with an exclamation of despair I closed my eyes, prepared to meet the end. But the blow that I had anticipated did not fall, and, wondering at the delay I raised my head and, with fearful eyes, sought the terrible beast which had just confronted me. In a moment I saw it, about twelve yards distant, struggling furiously about in the great drift. Blood was flowing freely from a wound in its neck, and above it Grimsby was in the act of aiming a second desperate blow with his blood-stained hunting knife at its shaggy body. By a quick movement my companion was at length successful in planting a well-directed thrust immediately behind one of the shoulders of the animal, and as it sank back upon its haunches I heaved a sigh of relief. But the end was not yet come. With a last mighty effort the magnificent beast raised its enormous head and shoulders above the snow, and turning its face full

upon the man who had just given it its death blow, struck at him with its feet. Then both went down together. The snow ceased to fly from side to side. The vapour heretofore emitted from the lips and nostrils of the swift-moving man and beast, no longer rose upon the frosty air. Slowly and painfully I crept across the blood-stained surface of the snow to the prostrate form of Grimsby. The last blow of the death-stricken animal had been well-directed, for by the time I had reached his side poor Grimsby had ceased to breathe. Overcome with pain and horror I fell unconscious beside the body of my friend.

Towards sundown a trapper, passing the scene of the tragedy, restored me to consciousness, and after procuring assistance, took me to Garston's dwelling, where I was carefully tended until my returning strength permitted me to go to New York.

Two weeks later, the train that bore me southward had, in its baggage-car, the great moose-head that now hangs upon my wall. But the strong man whose courageous hand had compelled the fierce woodland monarch to share with him a common death-bed in the snow, had already been laid away in the frozen soil of a stranger's land.



Theatres and Music-Halls.

MR. CHARLES MONCKTON.

MR. CHARLES MONCKTON, is a very young man, and comparatively new to the music-hall stage, but he has already made a success which older men might envy, and has appeared at the Oxford, the Royal, the Middlesex, Collins's, Gatti's, the Marylebone, Queen's, and Parthenon, besides visiting several of the chief halls in the provincial centres. He eschews the vulgarity which was often the sole characteristic of the old-style song, and displays a good deal of refinement in the rendering of descriptive songs. The title of one of these—"Cawnpore: A Tale of the Mutiny"—sufficiently demonstrates what manner of song it is: but, if it be well to progress steadily, Mr. Monckton is to be congratulated, for his latest song, "That's why I Joined the Army," has been more successful than any of its predecessors.

THE THREE TIGER LILIES.

It is difficult to give much definite information about the members of this interesting trio, inasmuch as their stock of English is very limited, while the

language in which alone conversation with them is possible is not at the



CHARLES MONCKTON

From a photograph by the Parisian School of Photography

command of any member of the *Ludgate* staff. They are able, however, to sing a couple of plantation songs in English, and do them exceedingly well, while they are also clever acrobats.

MISS ALICE HARVEY.

You might very well refuse to believe that the two faces—the one black and the other white—which occupy a page of this number, are the face of the same person. Nevertheless, the jovial-looking negro and the lady in the striped blouse are the same person, Miss Alice Harvey, who has lately struck out a new line for herself, in adopting the current fashion for imitations of well-known music-hall singers. It was a trifle bold to attempt an imitation of Chirgwin—who has hitherto escaped, so far as we remember, the polite attentions of the people who imitate



THE THREE TIGER LILIES



MISS ALICE HARVEY
From a photograph by Hana, Strand

the celebrities of the halls, without a frank acknowledgment of their unoriginality — but Miss Harvey has been doing the thing very successfully, her make-up being of itself enough to ensure some sort of a triumph.

MR. SYDNEY HOWARD.

Recent events in foreign countries have led to a great outburst of patriotic feeling in this country, and *Cheer Boys, Cheer*, that very patriotic melodrama, suffered not at all by its removal to the Olympic when the pantomime came to Drury Lane. We give you a portrait of Mr. Sydney Howard in the act of singing a song which is filled with that sense of the splendour of the national heritage—and of the fact that if needs be Englishmen must be prepared to fight lest it be in any way injured, which the Little Englanders do so heartily deplore and which has done so much in the past to make the heritage worth having.



MISS ALICE HARVEY
From a photograph by Hana, Strand



SYDNEY HOWARD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE REGENT PORTRAIT CO., 122, REGENT STREET

Two Famous Taverns.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIC

OF all the famous eating-places in London, there are none more famous in their way than two which stand in Fleet Street: the "Cock" and "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese." They are frequented largely by the same class of customers, and in many ways resemble one another, so that they may very reasonably be described together.

The "Cheshire Cheese" is certainly the more conservative of the twain, albeit a certain conservatism is the main characteristic of both. Thus you are never tempted by a long list of *entrées*, and so on: if you be a frequenter of the place you know perfectly well that on such a day in the week you may have Irish stew (or chops and steaks) for luncheon; and stewed beef-steak (with the same alternative) for dinner. If your appetite is to be tempted only by made dishes you must go West to the nearest place that calls itself a café-restaurant. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the dish of the day is the famous beef-steak, oyster, lark and kidney pudding; to which you are advised to go with a large and healthy appetite, if you would conform with the traditions of the establishment. On Sundays the restrictions placed upon your choice are still severer. It is as though the "Cheese" kept its doors open only under protest, and in unwilling recognition of the fact that bachelors

living in the Temple or the other Inns of Court must have food, even on Sundays.

This kindly despotism does not prevail at the "Cock," though there are those of its frequenters who can remember when it did. Still, the menu

avoids the folly of extreme length, and you can choose the dish of your desire without the necessity of long debate.

At both places the company is of the same kind; there are some casual diners, but mostly the customers are of old standing, and the waiters have waited upon them for so many long days that they become personalities, and not the mere machines of the average restaurant to which one goes irregularly.

Thus it is perfectly in harmony with existing circumstances that certain long dead customers of the "Cheese" should have subscribed to have painted a portrait of a waiter, Henry Todd, who had served at the famous tavern for a long time, and that the portrait, handed down as an heirloom from landlord to landlord, should still hang upon the walls of the downstairs room which was once the scene of his benevolent activities on behalf of hungry man.

You dine here in wooden boxes which give to the meal an air of comfort and privacy that is singularly pleasant when you go to your dinner after a long day's



THE BAR AT THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE"

work, and have no desire for the noise and glitter of a West-end restaurant. The wooden floor is strewn with sawdust, the knives are plain, the plates substantial to a degree, and you drink the excellent ale and stout from ancient pewter pots that have generously slaked

veneration at the tablet which is placed in the wall above the favourite seat of the great Dr. Johnson. It is in this room, appropriately enough, that the Johnson Club dine twice in the year. Probably you will have no opportunity of sitting in it yourself, for a succession



THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE"

in their time the thirst of a full generation.

If you be new to London, and eager to make a name in literature—having not yet condescended to the inevitable state of being contented, so long as you can make a living in journalism—you will assuredly visit the "Cheese," and gaze with a greater or less degree of

of pious Americans seem to hold the freehold of it. When they have finished feeding they fill a long clay pipe with tobacco, and smoke it with something of the air of those who take part in a religious ceremony; and when that is duly ended, they go away happily, taking the pipe with them as a sort of relic of the Doctor.



THE FIRST FLOOR AT THE "COCK."

If the "Cheese" can boast its Johnson, and its waiter immortalised in paint, the "Cock" is proud of the fact that Tennyson found its plump head waiter worthy to become the subject of a poem. But the "Cock" has seen changes since Tennyson visited it, and found its atmosphere inspiring. The New Law Courts compelled it to quit its ancient position on the north side of Fleet Street, to cross the road, and move east a little. And probably in the age when he was used to feed in taverns, the wonderful cock, carved by Grinling Gibbons, still served to attract the attention of the passer-by. Only the old wooden boxes, in which you sit to eat, and a fine old carved mantel-piece, remain to keep up the continuity of the history of the place.

Not that the "Cock" has any particular regard for the whims of the man who passes to-day and to-morrow does not return. Its doors are closed at nine o'clock, or thereabouts, and people who want to sup after the theatre must needs betake themselves to some other place; while on Sundays even the man who is more or less compelled to live close to Fleet Street—alone, perhaps, and in bachelor chambers—can find no sustenance here.

Another fact may be noted of these two taverns: the tired men who go to them for food are not often disturbed by the intrusion of femininity. You may say of Fleet Street, that it is a busy little town in the midst of London, where those who have dwelt or worked in it for a time have as distinct a place as if they lived in some small provincial town. And, just as the placid, everyday life of a provincial town or village is disturbed and broken up upon occasions—as by the visit of royalty, or the passing through it of a regiment of gaily-dressed cavalry—so are the denizens of Fleet Street broken in upon sometimes by all the discommoding stir which attends a Lord Mayor's Show, or other pageant of that kind.

On such occasions the window of the "Cock" has its attractions as a point of vantage, and you may see ladies lunching there with their escorts. But usually it is true of these two taverns that they are places where men dine or lunch in the company of men, arrangements being such as to impress upon the customer the feeling that, though he is a bachelor, and not eating in his own home, he is at least taking his ease in his own inn.

Pictorial Incidents.



ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN
SNAPSHOTS TAKEN ON THE MARCH



THE ROYAL WIDOWS AT PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG'S FUNERAL.



"THE LUDGATE"



GRAVE OF JAMESON'S MEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD

THE LUDGATE, 1890. PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. S. JONES.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT KRUGER

Painted by J. J. van der Linde, Cape Town, South Africa.



THE LUDGATE. THE LUDGATE. THE LUDGATE.



“**A** WOMAN who seeks freedom by means of the modern method of independence is generally one who desires to escape from woman's sufferings. She is anxious to avoid subjection, also motherhood, and the dependence and impersonality of an ordinary woman's life, but in doing so she unconsciously deprives herself of her womanliness.” So runs part of the preface to *Modern Woman* (John Lane), a translation of Laura Marholm Hansson's *Das Buch der Frauen*.

Mrs. Hansson, who views life from the complacent standpoint of the happily married woman, argues that not by work alone shall woman find peace. In illustration of her theory she epitomises the lives of the brilliant and short-lived Marie Bashkirtseff, of Sonia Kovalevsky, a Russian renowned for her knowledge of mathematics, of Anne Charlotte Edgund-Leffler, the Swedish advocate of Woman's Rights, and of one or two others. “For them all,” she goes on to say, “the day came when they found themselves standing at the door of the heart's innermost sanctuary, and realised that they were excluded. Some of them thrust open the door, entered and became man's once more. Others remained outside and died there. None of them were able

to stand alone, as more than one had believed that she could.”

Mrs. Hansson's argument is sentimental in many respects; and her instances are not those of women who laboured in the ordinary sense. Her types displayed an extravagance of action and indulged in a frenzy of work—Marie Bashkirtseff pressed into two years the work of seven—that left them physically exhausted and mentally distraught. No woman need exclude love from her life, even though her position be independent. Honest



labour is the best specific for what our grandmothers styled "the vapours;" and this workaday world is full of busy women who, though they may never have



had a lover, yet live in an atmosphere of love. Women do not seek a career because they desire to escape woman's sufferings. Statistics have taught them that, as Mrs. Stewart Headlam wittily puts it, "there are not enough men to go round." So, in preference to waiting pranked out for tardy suitors, they busy themselves over some wholesome employment. Later, should men come a-wooing, they find more able wives; if not, the women have compassed interests of their own, and have contented themselves therewith. Work is one of Nature's beautifiers. In the latest *Yellow Book* George Gissing sketches vividly a morbid girl who moped away her years in a cheap boarding-house, till poverty compelled her to discover her metier in domestic drudgery; and he writes forcibly of the marvellous improvement toil speedily wrought in her appearance.

Mrs. Hansson discourses largely of George Egerton, whose *Keynotes* inspires her with intense admiration. But she

elects, somewhat rashly, to judge George Egerton's personality mainly from photographs. She describes her as having "a delicate, rather sharp-featured profile, with a long, somewhat prominent chin that gives one an idea of yearning. A slender, girlish figure, with narrow shoulders, and a waist if anything rather too small; a tired, worn face, without youth and full of disillusion; the hair looks as though restless fingers had been passed through it, and there is a bitter, hopeless expression about the lines of the mouth." She also accounts her "a worried, disappointed woman, with overwrought and excitable nerves, sceptical in the possibility of content, a seeker for whom the charm lies in the seeking, not in the finding. She is a type of the modern woman, whose inmost being is the essence of disillusion." Herein Mrs. Hansson seems obviously unfair. Of George Egerton, save that she is charming, I know naught; but it would not amaze me to discover in her a wife and mother much appreciated. The writings of authors are not necessarily the expressions of their personal experience. I have known most stolid persons indite yards of amorous poetry, and religious men pen sensation novels crammed with crime. One of the jolliest of men composes the saddest music, and Mr. Zangwill, for instance, who views you with the dreamy, mystic eyes of a visionary, "as though you were a tower in the distance"—as poor Miss Jellaby has it—can drive gaily the quill of a gossip. Mrs. Hansson fails to realise that certain temperaments would be discontented under any circumstances. Looking round the circle of your friends, you find that the happiest are not the persons who seem most congenially situated. The cry of the neurotic woman for permission "to live her own life," to expand her soul, comes as surely, and as frequently, from the woman who has too many blessings, as from her less fortunate sister who has too few.

To George Egerton are we indebted for the vivid search-light she has flashed into certain dark places. But what have we not endured from her vast school of imitators? She also has been cruelly victimised, and merits our sympathy. Her female creations, oddly distorted, figure in countless crude romances. The first favourite is the maid who has the courage to think for herself, who is

daringly original, even at school, and who in later years poses as a saint, the while she plays with fire from the pit. The men evolved from the brains of the school are amusing fellows. George Egerton having given her followers but sketchy male outlines, they have been compelled to draw upon their own imaginations. The results are the silliest effigies ever stuffed with straw. For what is perhaps the most hollow mockery of a villain extant turn to Mr. Travers, the cruel husband in *Nobody's Fault*, the latest addition to the "Keynotes Series." He ventures to sneer at his wife, and she promptly leaves him, because he crushes out her individuality; while, deciding to become another's, she talks of a "world which is slowly freeing itself from the chains of prejudice, and of hateful, perverted morality," meaning, of course, marriage. O, Ibsen, in thy name, coupled with that of George Egerton, what wondrous deeds are wrought! In the literature of the "larger latitude," as Mr. Traill says in his exceeding brilliant satire of Mr. Grant Allen's "Hilltop Novel," it is ever "a race between taboo and cannoodle," and cannoodle generally romps in! Yet how rarely have these folks the courage of their opinions. Instead of waiting on earth to reform our conventional world, Grant Allen's hero dissolves into blue vapour, and, leaving no legacy save an odour of violets, returns to the Twenty-Sixth Century, whence he ought never to have emerged. The other day Mr. Morley Roberts wrote an analytical study, called a *Question of Taste*, destined to prove that man is a polygamous animal; and yet the last chapter beheld the hero willingly entering the bonds of matrimony. And Mrs. Travers herself, on the verge of adopting the sanctified form of free-love she advocates, is prevented by fear of her mother's disapproval. Was ever climax more bathetic?

Mrs. Hansson is wise when she says,

"The secret of a woman's power has always lain in what she is, rather than in what she does." But I refuse to say with Mrs. Hansson that a woman exerts her influence and charm merely as a wife and a mother. A woman can wield all the attractions of her sex—and the chiefest is purity—though she be a so called "old maid," working hard for her bread. She can possess a home in the best sense of the word, though she live alone in a single hired room, if only she own a contented mind, and if she spend not her time "groaning in distress with the groans of a disappointed woman," after the fashion of the New Heroine. I have heard women demand many things; insist that no longer should they be fettered by household duties: declare sewing and mending a nuisance and waste of time: term cooking an endless bother: urge that husbands ought to share equally in household management. For myself I would not live a day in a house managed by Mr. Babbington-Bright: other men may be differently constituted, but he, I am convinced, would pamper the ser-



vants, and get everything into hopeless confusion in less than a week. I have heard clever women argue that in a longed-for future we shall inhabit a sort of glorified barracks, with central kitchen and dungeon. I trust that I may never

see that transformation; anything more workhouse-like it would be impossible to devise. A common tenement wherein we ate, and slept, and worked, while the State brought up our children, is the most ghastly notion yet suggested. And apropos of going off at a tangent to live a fuller, because a more selfish, life, I cannot believe any woman ever deserted husband and home without bitterly regretting her loss. Marriage is good enough for us: we are rarely worthy marriage. Dear old Jeremy Taylor truly says, "Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself."

It is satisfactory to reflect that the New Novel is but a passing vogue, and that its day is well-nigh done. The

permanent in fiction is admirably presented in the "Illustrated Standard Novels" Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are now publishing. In this series you find tales that have stood the test of time, and that are virtually as "live" to-day as they were on their first appearance. T. Love Peacock's *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*, bound together, form the latest volume. Professor Saintsbury furnishes a carefully-written introduction embodying many hints like to be acceptable to them that lack intimate knowledge of literary history. Of the illustrations, which are by H. R. Millar, certain specimens are reproduced in this article through the courtesy of the publishers.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.





CAUSE AND EFFECT

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STOKES AND GLOVER, SOUTHAMPTON

The Fashions of the Month.

THE chief point of interest in dress this month is still the sleeve. For many seasons the sleeve has ballooned it gaily above the elbow, and none has sought to limit its riotous extravagance. For a year past, however, it has been slipping slowly, but surely off the shoulder. The head used to be a mere episode between two mountainous sleeves; and when last summer the natural outline of the shoulder was once more shown, it had all the piquancy of a new discovery. Now the aim is to reveal the form of the arm also, and to abolish the artificial outline caused by superficial cloth. The actual tight sleeve is being shown, but is scarce like to regain ground at once. A certain amount of transition and compromise must be gone through first. Perhaps the best compromise is the ruffled sleeve, wherein the extra drapery, instead of idly flapping in the breezes, is gathered in close to the arm. The effect on a thin arm is remarkably pretty, and a chiffon sleeve ruffled over a plain tight silk one is dainty in the extreme. White chiffon over pale pink silk, for instance, is exquisite. Another method is to allow the fulness of the sleeve to fall loosely (unsupported by internal stiffening) from shoulder to elbow, but this kind of sleeve requires considerable manipulation, and on the average woman is merely limp. Sometimes a full sleeve is tied in with ribbons, or has a bow firmly set in its fulness to keep it down; but these are but miserable compromises, and all with pretensions to taste despise them. It is to be noted that several of the gowns worn at the Dublin Drawing-Rooms had sleeves caught in on the outside of the arm, just where they were formerly encouraged to stand out. Chiffon and net sleeves, made à la butterfly and caught together with a jewel, look very well. For evening dress another method is to allow the sleeve to puff out suddenly in one place

and then knot itself close to the arm elsewhere. Of course it is essential in new evening dresses that the sleeve should reveal the shoulder, and that the bodice should connect itself back and front by shoulder-straps, floral, jewelled, or embroidered. At a recent wedding the shoulder-straps consisted of trails of orange-blossom, and crossed a square yoke of ruffled chiffon over white silk. With a black evening gown, transparent jet shoulder-straps and loose black net sleeves with jet butterflies resting on them looked very well. Embroidered velvet straps are also pretty.

The Princess robe is another novelty enterprising dressmakers are trying to introduce this spring. It blends naturally enough with the tight sleeve. The robe commends itself readily to dressmakers, in that it lessens the popularity of the blouse, which annoys many dressmakers, who say—and truly—that nowadays a woman orders a blouse where formerly she would have ordered a dress. Of course, the "Princess" will not please everybody, since a stout short figure appears at its worst in this wear. For a medium figure, however, a Princess gown of moss-green cloth, with lines of broad black and gold braid crossing the shoulders, converging at the waist, and diverging to the hem of the skirt again, both back and front, is vastly becoming. A pointed vest of dove-grey brocade with its floral device outlined in narrow gold braid, gives a spring-like tone to the gown, and a toque of dove-grey velvet with a brim of green velvet fastening under a diamond buckle, a triplet of soft grey tips at one side, and knots of shaded violets disposed in the usual places accompanies it admirably. The sleeves are not tight, but fall very flat from the shoulders, droop loosely over the elbow, whence a tight sleeve emerges and continues to the wrist.

Our first illustration shows a pretty spring walking-costume in the familiar

* * * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.

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SPRING WALKING - COSTUME

but ever delightful combination, black and white. The cape and skirt are of black alpaca, but the quaintly cut revers of the cape are of white satin embroidered in jet sequins and edged with caracule. Of course, the cape should be lined all through with white satin. Blouses of varied sorts could be worn with these,

but especially pretty would be one of pink chiné with pink chiffon frills edged with black across the front. A toque of green velvet with a pink chiné ribbon, a paste buckle, and black osprey, would complete this very dainty costume. A strange variation of the sleeve is to make it seem in one with the trimmings of the

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DINNER - GOWN FOR MATRONS

bodice. In a black satin blouse with loose folds of petunia velvet crossing from shoulder to waist, the velvet is caught in by rosettes on either shoulder, and then allowed to expand into loose wide outer sleeves which permit a tight black satin inner sleeve to appear at the shoulder and lower arm; in fact,

a simulation of a double sleeve in different materials, and consisting mostly of a loose outer and tight inner sleeve, is rather in favour just now. It is a genuine mediæval device, and one that gives occasion for much quaint fantasy. Our other illustration is also in black and white, and is a handsome

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This distressingly painful malady can be immediately relieved, and the complaint greatly alleviated, by the use of **HALL'S COCA WINE**.

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Hall's Coca Wine relieves mental and physical fatigue;

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Hall's Coca Wine is the most marvellous restorative after illness ever used; and what is still more important, it has none of the fearful after-effects which follow the use of narcotics and other powerful remedies which *relieve for a period*, but which inevitably have to be paid for by the reaction which follows.

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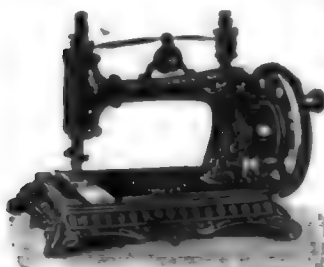
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Avoid Cheap Odontos, which ruin the Enamel.

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black satin gown, suitable for a matron. The trimmings are of sequins, the wide revers of white satin, and the broad band of jet insertion across the front is sufficiently open to reveal the tint of the skin.

Yet one more effort is being made to popularise hand-painted garments. Nearly every season they re-appear, but all in vain. They are too expensive and unprofitable ever to become general. A black velvet cape, painted with grey roses, outlined with steel sequins, is pretty; and a grey satin court dress, with a spray of lovely La France roses in one corner of the skirt, is poetic. But the average woman would grieve over the rapidity wherewith these gracious little touches of art would fade and grow dim in the service of fashion.

We hear that brown, and green, and pink "will be" fashionable colours. As a matter of fact, they are fashionable colours, and in these days of variety there are few tints that are not fashionable. Greens, however, are inexhaustible, and each day we seem to come across some new and delightful shade of this incomparable colour. Simple, yet delicious for Spring, are a dark grey coat and skirt and a vest or blouse of lettuce-green chiné. A delicious evening-gown is of green—the shade of the early pea—satin, with a stomacher all

sewn with golden blossoms, pearl stars, and gold and crystal beads. It has a tucker of point lace, and in the middle of each soft green satin sleeve is set a point lace butterfly, with a jewelled body and diamond eyes.

Why is there so little originality in fans? Even in "hand-painted" fans we get nothing more than the ever faithful flower, or the ubiquitous cupid, swinging in space at the end of a twist of ribbon. It has been suggested that white silk and gauze fans, with a little landscape painted in one corner, would be a pretty variation. The exquisite Spanish fans shown in the New Gallery this spring should be an inspiration to fan-makers. The rich and exquisite variety shown in device and workmanship of the sticks alone should be a revelation to them. But in this degenerate century we think too little of the fan. A genuinely good fan will befit many gowns and be an heirloom and a treasure for generations. For a prize offered not long ago by the Fanmakers' Company only seven decently painted fans were submitted, and of these the most original was a green moiré fan with a bunch of daffodils painted on it. The daffodil is an excellent flower, but can any one say that, regarded as a decoration, it is new? Besides, how few gowns could bear the company of this particular fan.

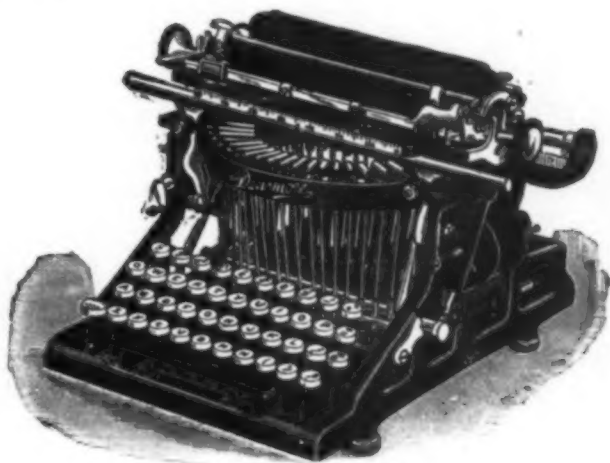


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Contributions, marked "Prize Competitions," and bearing the name and address of the sender, must reach the Ludgate Offices, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C., by the 25th of March; and the prize-winners will be announced in the May Number.

The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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